

THE
MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE:
 OR,
MONTHLY MUSEUM
 OF
KNOWLEDGE and RATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT.

No. II.] FOR FEBRUARY, 1794. [Vol. VI.

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WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

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 GENTLEMEN who receive Subscriptions for this WORK.

MDCXCIV.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS to CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Epithalamium on Miss A—G—*." The fair deserve the Muse's praise.

The "*Acrostic on the President*," is really a compliment upon that illustrious personage. It is a proof that exalted merit, like his, can extort the semblance of poetic praise, without the least assistance from genius: We hope the author appears better on the field of Mars, than on the back of Pegasus.

"*Lines to the memory of Governor Hancock*"—The fair author has chosen a subject rather too wieldy for her infant muse. We recommend a little practice in a sonnet to contentment; we doubt not she will succeed without the aid of Dr. Young.

"*L's Novel*"—We advise the author to secure the copy right by the title of "stories for children," and publish his work in a distinct pamphlet.

"*Essay on Fashion*"—We regret our necessity to postpone its publication until next month. We solicit the future correspondence of the author.

We discover genius in "*Juvenis*"—After a few months application to the best standard books, we shall with pleasure recognise his pen.

When are we to return our grateful acknowledgments to *Philenia*, and *Laurinda*—to *Alouette*, *Menander*, *Leander*, &c.?

ERRATA.—In our last, page 29, 2d col. line 25, for *welcome* read *several*.—The reader is also requested to make the following corrections, which passed in a few sheets of our Magazine for the present month, viz.—p. 109, 1st c. l. 7 fr. b. for 1793 r. 1783, same c. l. 2 fr. b. dele *the*—p. 110, 1st c. l. 11, for *acid. saline*, r. *acido-saline*—l. 18. after *Seltzer*, insert *&c.*—l. 29, for *calcareous* r. *calcareous*—2d c. l. 22, for *personally* r. *perfectly*—p. 111, 1st c. l. 12, for *ulcers* r. *ulcerous*—2d c. l. 35, for *air* r. *ice*—p. 112, 2d c. l. 18, dele *collected*—same col. l. 26. after *winter*, insert *From Severyn J. Bruyn, Esq.*—l. 36, dele *and*.

* * * The Editors return their grateful thanks to their Correspondents for so great a supply of valuable original pieces, with which their present Number is enriched. They beg leave to request a continuance of their correspondence, and that they will be pleased to favour them with fair and correct copies.

PRICES of PUBLIC SECURITIES, BANK STOCK, &c.

February.	Six per Cents.	Three per Cents.	Defer'd Stock.	Massachus. State Notes.	U.S.B. Shares.	Massachus. Bank Shares.	Union Bank Shares.	Final & L. Of. Cert. inter. fr. Jan. 1788.	Reg. Dt. with int. fr. March 4, 1789.	Indents. Int. on Loan Offi. Cer. & Reg. Dt.	New Emillion Money.	Old Emillion Money.
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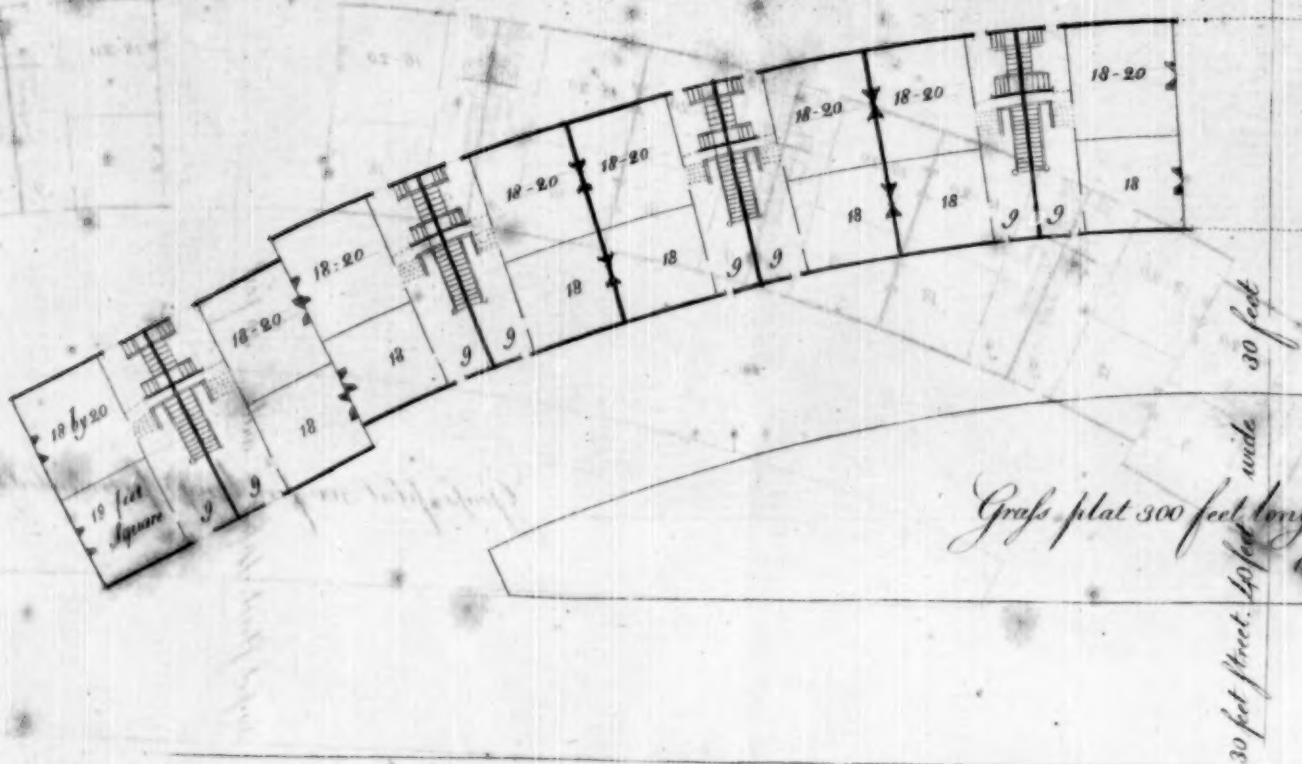
JOHN MARSTON, Stock Broker.

ade convenience

Each house will have annexed to it a pump, rain water cistern, wood house, and stable, and a back avenue will communicate to all the stables.

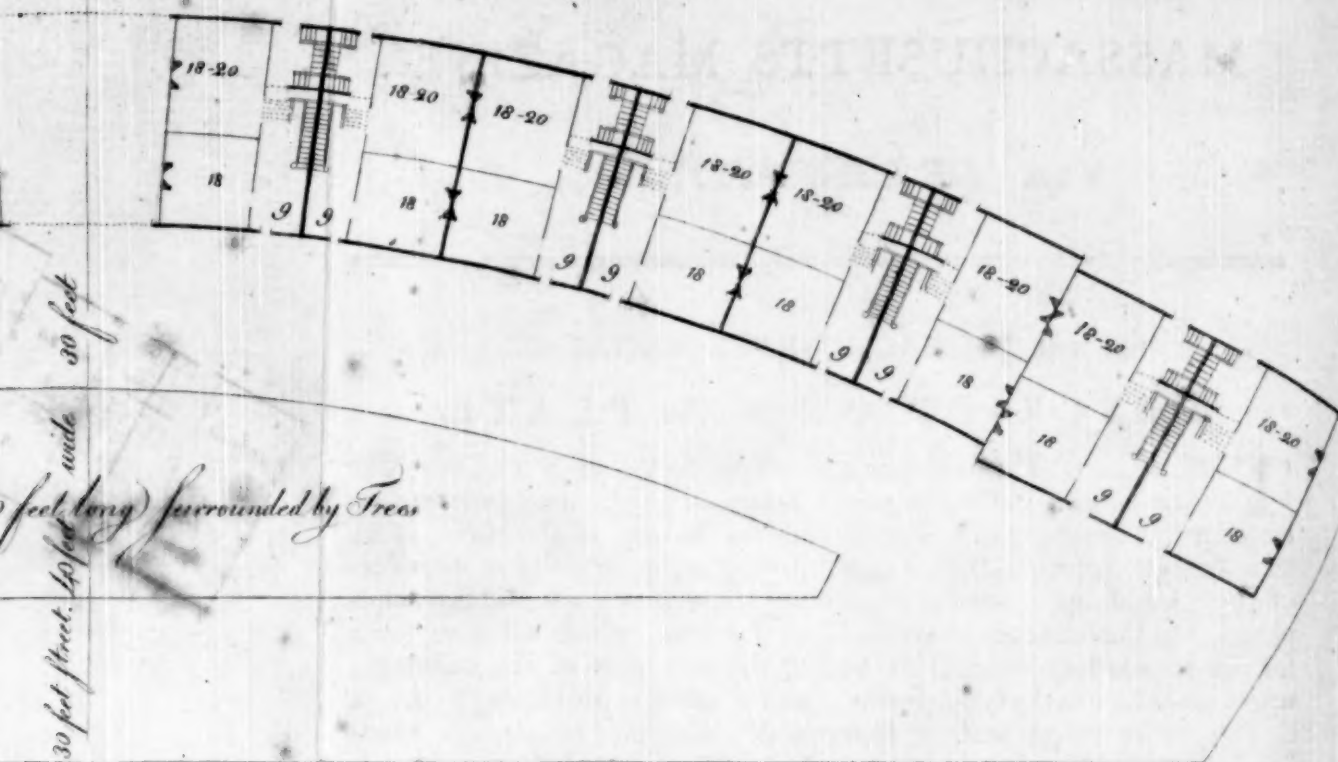
improvement with the name of **FRANKLIN PLACE**, in honour of that great philosopher, a native of Boston, and one of its greatest boasts.

ALEXIS :



Plan & Elevation of the TONTINE

Mapa May 1794.



ANTINE CRESCENT, now erecting in BOSTON.

S. Hill, S^r

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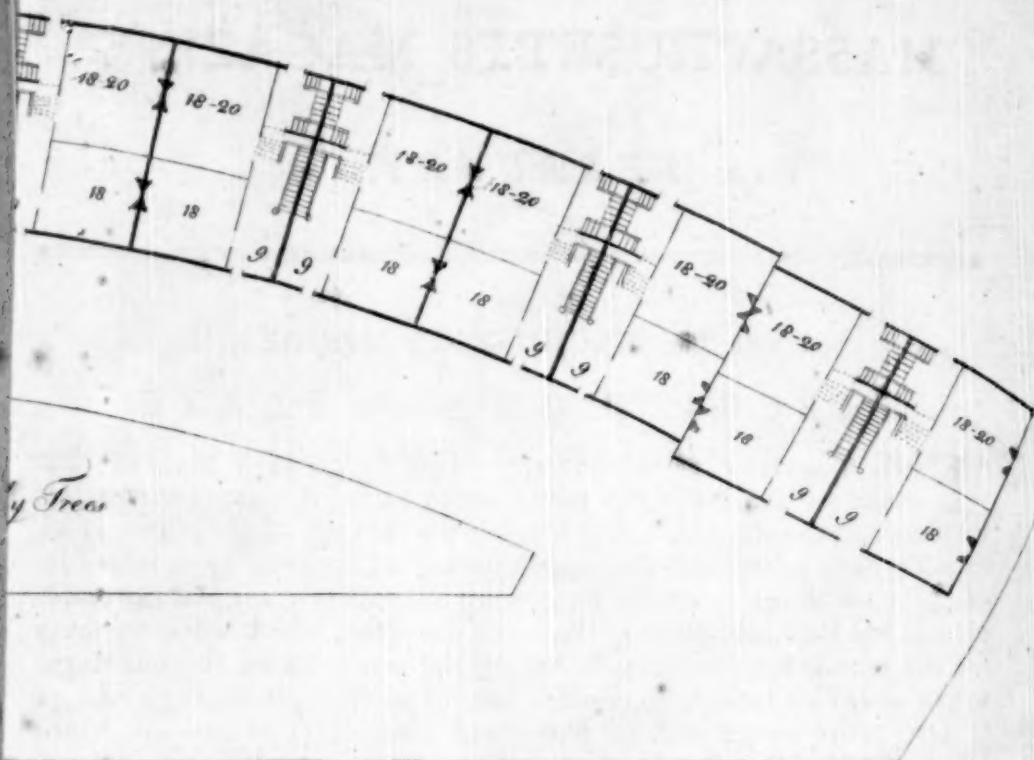
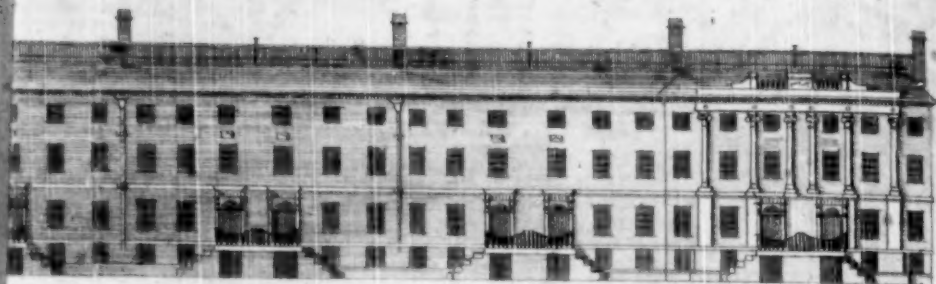
DESCRIP

THE annexed Plate of

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Maple-Mag 1794



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JOHN MARSTON, *Stock Broker.*



THE
MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1794.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

DESCRIPTION of the PLATE.

THE annexed Plate exhibits a view of the buildings now erecting in the centre of this town on a Tontine principle. One half of these buildings is nearly completed, and the foundations are laid for the remainder, which will be urged on as soon as the spring opens.

The entire range will be four hundred and eighty feet long, and consist of sixteen dwelling houses, and one ornamental pile in the centre devoted to public uses. These houses are built in a substantial manner of brick, with party walls of the same materials between them, and are to be finished in the most approved stile of modern elegance; the rooms are spacious and lofty, and attention is paid to procuring all possible conveniences for domestic use.

Each house will have annexed to it a pump, rain water cistern, wood house, and stable, and a back avenue will communicate to all the stables.

The figure of a crescent has been adopted, as, independent of the beauty of the curve, it afforded an opportunity of introducing a green or grass plat surrounded by trees, which will contribute to the ornament of the buildings, and be useful in promoting a change and circulation of air. A handsome street is to be opened leading from the arch into summer street.

The contractors have presented the upper apartment of the centre building, in its present state, to the Historical Society. We have not yet learnt how the lower room is disposed of; it will be 40 feet long, 25 feet wide, and 20 high.

The gentlemen concerned have agreed to dignify this scene of improvement with the name of FRANKLIN PLACE, in honour of that great philosopher, a native of Boston, and one of its greatest boasts.

ALEXIS :

ALEXIS: Or, The COTTAGE in the Woods.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

(Continued from the 12th page.)

PART FIRST.

ALEXIS is received in the Cottage.—The latter described.—Character of its inhabitants.—ALEXIS relates his adventures.

CHAPTER II.

THE APPROACH TO THE COTTAGE.

A YOUTH of an interesting countenance was with his head and hands leaning against the tree, beneath which Alexis had taken rest. A little farther his horse, unbridled, was browsing the vernal pasture of the plain; near him was an old man, who carefully watched all his motions.

Alexis, surprised that an unknown youth should testify concern at his fate, was going to ask him the nature of a curiosity which rather offended him; but the young stranger prevented him by these words—"You are distressed?"—"Distressed you say—what has befallen you? what can it be to you?"—"Nay, be not angry, if you knew me!"—"Who are you?"—"Well, he will know my secret, though he conceals his own.—Why it is rather—*how* do you find me?—Such a question is natural. As for me, I cannot help telling you that I look upon you as very amiable."—"Amiable!"—"Yes, charming."—"This confession—"but pray who are you?"—"Can't you guess?"—"No."—"Tis my dress which causes your mistake; know me then: My name is Clara, I live with my father in a forest, two leagues from hence."—"In a forest?"—"Yes, we are very happy there."—"I believe you."—"The old man who stands yonder, is Germain our trusty servant."

But, fair Clara, what could in-

duce your father to banish himself thus?"—"I don't know, it is his own secret, but he will tell it you."—"Tell it me?"—"Certainly, won't you come and stay with us?"—"Why do you ask me?"—"Have not I overheard all you said, *Oh*, would heaven lead me to some forest, where I might linger out this wretched existence.—Is not that plain enough?"—"Aye, it is so, I find town life is detestable."—"You well may, my father says so every day."—"What a singular adventure! your father?"—"Yes, he has been distressed too, come and live in his hermitage, you will console him, and I will console you."—"Clara, you begin already to make me forget my sorrows; the tone of your voice is so soothing."—"So is your own."—"Well, you have been brought up in the woods?"—"Yes, my father has been living there these six years."—"And how old are you?"—"About fifteen."—"What a beautiful, what an interesting maid!"—"Yes, my father and Germain often told me I was handsome, and I am pleased that you think as they do."—"What innocence! what simplicity! *Oh*, I have never been taught to hide my way of thinking, have I then met with an ingenuous and honest soul? Yes, she has been brought up in the woods!"—"Oh! you talk like my father; how he will like you! Come, give me your hand; rise, and we will go."—"But do you know whether your father will please to receive me?"—"Oh! he will be glad to see you, I am certain; I know him; he loves the unfortunate, he has been unfortunate

unfortunate himself."—"That is no reason; but what an impression your discourse makes on me."—"Well, there is but one thing in you that displeases me."—"What is that?"—"Are you not sometimes a little proud? I love familiarity, but come then, come along."

When Alexis was first accosted by the young stranger, he had been quite struck dumb, and even on account of his mistrust, would not believe what Clara said in the beginning, but she was so charming! candour and innocence, the smile of truth, all indicated the frankness of her soul; and her features, how beautiful were they; her hair of an ash-coloured fair was negligently tied behind; a little round hat, with a ribbon only, discovered two large blue eyes, whose languor penetrated to the heart; her mouth, with a smile, formed on each side two pretty dimples which love is said to have intended to soften the most obdurate heart; her cheeks glowing with health and ingenuousness, had only received the kisses of an affectionate father. A handkerchief passed slightly round her neck, and falling upon her bosom, left the eye to guess the beauties hid beneath. Her shape, veiled with a modest blue habit, was pressed closer by a broad girdle, whose ends hung negligently down her side. Clara, to so many charms, added the age of love, and her heart, attracted by nature, had made her fly, against her consent, towards a youth whom she had found sighing and melted into tears at the foot of a tree.

Alexis surveyed her, and struck with so many beauties, his curious eye over-ran them with rapture. He opens his mouth to express his surprise, but his tongue denies its

office, and he utters only wild exclamations. He holds out his hand to the object he admires, a sudden blush diffuses itself over his face, a burning fire glides through his veins, he is unable to speak, but his heart beats high, it comes upon his lips; it animates his looks, which only interpret his meaning.

He recovers, however, from his rapture, his timidity still gets the better; he turns his sight from the fair object, stammers a few words, and hangs down his head with such bashful confusion as if conscious that he had committed a crime. Oh! how pure are the first emotions of an honest love! What candour and modesty displays that heart which feels them.

Clara's quiet was disturbed in the same manner. Brought up in the woods, accustomed to see nobody but her father and Germain, the sight of this interesting youth had made an impression on her senses, to which she gave herself up entirely, without inquiring into the cause. She looked at Alexis, and said within herself—How well made is he! what beautiful hair! how pretty it curls! his sweet and rolling eye examines me! he finds me pretty! Oh, dear pleasure! and his mouth, it opens to speak to me;—it remains dumb—why?—but his heart—

The two children remained for some time gazing on each other. At length Clara, inviting Alexis to come with her by a significant look, and a slight motion of her head, folded her arm round his neck, and thus they walked without uttering a word, towards the place where Germain stood waiting for them. Waiting for *them*, do I say? He could not think that his young mistress would present a stranger to him. What reception will he give him?

This

This was all that perplexed Clara. Eager to make Alexis live in the cottage, she had not pondered the difficulties her design was likely to encounter, not with regard to her father, for she was sure of the reception he would give to an unfortunate youth; but Germain was mistrustful, hard, insensible, and unfortunately enjoyed the entire confidence of his master. A young man banished, cursed by his parents, friendless, without shelter, all this excited suspicion. Poor Clara felt it, and was sore afraid lest the old servant should treat her young friend rudely, and send him away.

Her uneasiness increased the more she advanced towards this austere Mentor. At last she comes up to him, she must accost and apprise him. What an embarrassment! "Germain," says she, "you love my father, you know how unfortunate he has been; you comforted him, and diverted his tedious moments. Let us render the same service to this poor youth; he is as virtuous and innocent as my father; and, alas! fate pursues him as it pursued my father!"

"How do you know him Clara?" said Germain.

"He was weeping and sighing beneath yon tree; I approached, he related to me his misfortunes, and I was happy to wipe away his tears."

"Young man, who are thou?"

"Good old man, I am nothing, unless you reckon it something to be a fellow creature."

"Of what country?"

"I cannot tell."

"Your father's name?"

"I know not."

"What is his profession?"

"Alas! I cannot tell."—"You cannot tell?"—"No, he cursed and banished me, and never let me know my crime."

Whilst Alexis was saying this Clara whispered him quite low, "Hush, why do you tell him that?" but Alexis proceeded—

"Till now he had me educated at a college, at Paris. He once loved me."

"Your answers," said Germain, "are so many enigmas; and you Clara, what makes you bring this stranger to me? What is your design? What would you have me do, what does he want of me?"

Alexis, foreseeing a refusal in this question of the old man, could not restrain his indignation. "I want nothing," answered he angrily, and sprung from them, casting a look of melancholy towards Clara, who felt its full force. "Only see," said she to Germain, "see, he goes away; the poor youth; you will not prevent him. Alexis, Alexis!"

But Alexis would not hear her, and running like a man who has committed a crime, he considered what had happened as a great insult, which ought for ever to cover him with shame. "What, said he, sobbing, I believed I had found a generous heart; I condescended to solicit shelter and have been refused; I ought to have expected it. The man who is prosperous in all, sees the sorrow of the wretched as he who has dined views the poor starved with hunger. Nobody will descend into the heart of the distressed. One always finds fault with the distressed to exempt one's self from alleviating his sorrows. I will follow my fate, I will forget this adventure; but, Clara, I shall see thee no more! Thy soul has judged mine; thy pity was sincere. One only being shares in my sufferings, and I cannot live near her! O God, O God!"

He could proceed no further: His heart was oppressed with renewed

newed grief, tears flowed from his eyes, and he gave himself up to despair.

He pursued his way, not daring to look back, lest he might meet Germain's eye, and wandered thus two hours, without knowing whither, when the prospect of a little wood offered itself to his view, and here he resolved to pass the night.

It was in the month of June; the moon shone in her full lustre, a light breeze refreshed the air, and twenty green sods presented a commodious bed to the straying traveller. Alexis did not hesitate: He addresses, as usual, a prayer to the Supreme Being, and throws himself upon a rising turf at the entrance of the little wood.

There, stretched upon the grass, which he bedewed with his tears, lay poor Alexis, who but the night before was with his friend Dumont, received from him the most affectionate marks of the liveliest friendship, and flattered himself with the hope of embracing his father at the rising dawn. He had indeed seen that cruel father, but far from being caressed, suffered his angriest looks, and his malediction. Lo! what a change in his fate! Behold him alone, left to himself; fatherless, friendless, destitute; life an odious burden to him; he yields it up to the mercy of ferocious animals, of robbers, and already blesses the hand of the cruel being that will take it from him.

He had just closed his reflections, and the salutary balm of sleep was beginning to lull his senses, and make him lose the remembrance of his ills, when he was alarmed by loud shrieks, and could distinguish a voice crying, "O heavens! will you kill me? Have pity on my tender years." Alexis jumps up, the voice affects him, he thinks he

knows it, and flies to the spot from which the moans proceed. Horrible sight! Will his heart be able to bear it? A youth, covered with blood, whom a ruffian dragged by the hair, implored his assistance. 'Tis Clara, cried Alexis, rushes upon the barbarian, and rescues her. The wretch, foaming with rage, draws a pistol from his pocket, and is about to fire it, when Alexis, springing upon him, wrested the weapon from his hand, and shoots him dead.

Clara, who had fainted, no sooner opened her eyes, than she recognised her deliverer. "Is it you? you to whom I owe my life? O unexpected happiness!"—"But, Clara," said Alexis, "where is Germain?"—"About twenty yards farther, and dangerously wounded."—"Let us fly to him."

They found the old man upon the ground weltering in his blood. "Is it you," said he, "is it you, my Clara? what deity restores you to my wishes?"—"Here he is, Germain; know my defender; it is Alexis!"—"What, that young man?"—"The same."—"O generous stranger! how great are my obligations to you! I shall restore a daughter to a father; through you I shall die contented."—"You die!" replied Alexis, "let me not lose the benefit of the service I have been so fortunate to render you."—"Give me your hand then," said Germain, "and deign to crown this heroic feat, by accompanying us to the virtuous Candor, to whom we are equally dear."

Alexis and Clara helped Germain to rise, and stopped his blood with their handkerchiefs. His wound was not dangerous; he had only a slight contusion upon his shoulder, and a great loss of blood alone had weakened him. The two young people,

people, with some difficulty, assisted him to mount his horse; Clara got up behind him, and thus, followed by Alexis, they proceeded to the next village, which they reached by day-break.

Upon the road, Clara informed her young deliverer, that she and Germain, having lost their way, and being sensible they had rode farther than the distance from Romans to their cottage, they fell in, about twenty yards from the little wood, with a robber, who demanded their money, or their lives; that the wretch had fired a pistol at Germain, and she having told him that she was a woman, he dragged her to the place where he received the punishment due to his crimes. She added that if any thing could comfort her in this cruel accident, it was to have met with a friend so high in her esteem, and who hereafter would be the friend of her father and his old servant.

Alexis returned thanks for her concern, and our three travellers reached *St. Marcellin*, a pretty little town where Germain remembered he had been many a time. They would have done better had they gone straight to *La Perriere*, a village on this side the town; but quite unacquainted with the road, they strayed so much from the highway, that having gained the right shore of the *Iser* they were obliged to travel two leagues farther in order to reach *St. Marcellin*.

It was there Germain had his wound dressed, and finding he had strength sufficient to ride farther, he engaged his young companions to repair instantly with him to the cottage, where Candor would probably be alarmed at their absence. Clara longed to see him. Alexis feared his presence, from his invincible timidity, for he was still dismayed

at the cold reception which Germain had given him: He was afraid lest Clara's father should treat him in the same manner, and could not help appearing trembling before him; but Candor's daughter cheered his spirits; and having set out all three, they came in sight of a dark forest, situated between *St. Marcellin*, *St. Etienne*, and *Romans*. This forest, which is about ten leagues in extent, and is renowned for robbers, and the precipices dispersed throughout it, seemed to be the marked spot of celestial vengeance. Its dense and lofty trees were continually shivered by the lightning, and blasting winds spent their rage upon it without intermission. Every appearance denoted horror and dread.

It was, however, in the centre of this dismal place, where Candor and his daughter had chosen their abode. It was there they had erected their cottage, and fortified it against surprise; but I ought not to anticipate a description which will be given hereafter. Let us, for a moment, follow our three travellers, who will soon reach their mansion, and receive the embraces of a father who will become the father of my hero.

Clara, always behind the old man, held Alexis by the hand, who, like a faithful squire, walked on foot by her side. They had by this time travelled about four leagues through the bushes and hedges of the vast forest, when they descried in a dale a little fortress which Alexis surveyed with astonishment. Here Clara, gently pressing the youth's hand, with a smile, said to him—"There, do you see the cottage?"

(To be continued.)

DESCRIPTION

DESCRIPTION of a most Effectual METHOD of securing BUILDINGS against FIRE, invented by CHARLES LORD VISCOUNT MAHON, F. R. S.

THE new and very simple method which I have discovered of securing every kind of building (even though constructed of timber) against all danger of fire, may very properly be divided into three parts; namely, under flooring, extra lathing, and inter securing, which particular methods may be applied, in part or in whole, to different buildings, according to the various circumstances attending their construction, and according to the degree of accumulated fire, to which each of these buildings may be exposed, from the different uses to which they are meant to be appropriated. The method of *under flooring* may be divided into two parts; viz. into *single* and *double under flooring*.

The method of *single under flooring* is as follows: A common strong lath, of about one quarter of an inch thick (either of oak or fir) should be nailed against each side of every joist, and of every main timber, which supports the floor intended to be secured. Other similar laths ought then to be nailed the whole length of the joists, with their ends butting against each other: These are what I call the *fillets*. The top of each fillet ought to be at one inch and a half below the top of the joists or timbers against which they are nailed. These fillets will then form, as it were, a sort of small ledge on each side of all the joists.

When the fillets are going to be nailed on, some of the rough plaster hereafter mentioned must be spread with a trowel all along that side of each of the fillets which is to lay next to the joists, in order that these fillets may be well bedded therein, when they are nailed on, so that there should not be any interval between the fillets and the joists. A great number of any common laths (either of oak or fir) must be cut nearly to the length of the

width of the intervals between the joists. Some of the rough plaster referred to above ought to be spread with a trowel, successively upon the top of all the fillets, and along the sides of that part of the joists which is between the top of the fillets and the upper edge of the joists. The short pieces of common laths just mentioned ought (in order to fill up the intervals between the joists that support the floor) to be laid in the contrary direction to the joists, and close together in a row, so as to touch one another, as much as the want of straitness in the laths will possibly allow, without the laths lapping over each other; their ends must rest upon the fillets spoken of above, and they ought to be well bedded in the rough plaster. It is not proper to use any nails to fasten down either these short pieces of laths, or those short pieces hereafter mentioned.

The short pieces of laths ought then to be covered with one thick coat of the rough plaster spoken of hereafter, which should be spread all over them, and which should be brought, with a trowel, to be about level with the tops of the joists, but not above them. This rough plaster in a day or two should be trowelled all over close home to the sides of the joists; but the tops of the joists ought not to be any ways covered with it.

The method of *double under flooring* is, in the first part of it, exactly the same as the method just described. The fillets and the short pieces of laths are applied in the same manner; but the coat of rough plaster ought to be little more than half as thick as the coat of rough plaster applied in the method of *single under flooring*.

In the method of double under flooring, as fast as this coat of rough plaster is laid on, some more of the short pieces of laths, cut as above directed, must be laid in the interval between the joists upon the first coat

of rough plaster; and each of these short laths must be one after the other, bedded deep and quite found into this rough plaster whilst it is soft. These short pieces of laths should be laid also as close as possible to each other, and in the same direction as the first layer of short laths.

A coat of the same kind of rough plaster should then be spread over this second layer of short laths, as there was upon the first layer above described. This coat of rough plaster should (as above directed for the method of *single under flooring*) be trowelled level with the tops of the joists, but it ought not to rise above them. The sooner this second coat of rough plaster is spread upon the second layer of short laths just mentioned the better. What follows is common to the method of *single* as well as to that of *double under flooring*.

Common coarse lime and hair (such as generally serves for the pricking up coat in plastering) may be used for all the purposes before or hereafter mentioned; but it is considerably cheaper, and even much better, in all these cases, to make use of *hay* instead of *hair*, in order to prevent the plaster work from cracking. The hay ought to be chopped to about three inches in length, but no shorter. One measure of common rough *sand*, two measures of slacked *lime*, and three measures but not less of chopped *hay*, will prove in general, a very good proportion, when sufficiently beat up together in the manner of common mortar. The hay must be well dragged in this kind of rough plaster, and well intermixed with it; but the hay ought never to be put in, till the two other ingredients are well beat up together with water. This rough plaster ought never to be made thin for any of the work mentioned in this paper. The stiffer it is the better, provided it be not too dry to be spread properly upon the laths. If the flooring boards are required to be laid very soon, a fourth or a fifth part of quick lime in powder, very well mixed with this rough plaster just before it is used will cause it to dry very fast.

I have practised this method in an extensive work with great advantage. In *three weeks* this rough plaster grows perfectly dry. The rough plaster, so made, may be applied at *all times of the year* with the greatest success. The easiest method, by much, of reducing *quick lime* to powder is by dropping a *small* quantity of water on the limestone, a little while before the powder is intended to be used: The lime will still retain a very sufficient degree of heat.

When the rough plaster work between the joists has got thoroughly dry, it ought to be observed, whether or not, there be any small cracks in it, particularly next to the joists. If there are any, they ought to be washed over with a brush, wet with *mortar wash* which will effectually close them; but there will never be any cracks at all, if the *chopped hay* and the *quick lime* be properly made use of.

The mortar wash I make use of is merely this. About two measures of quick lime, and one measure of common sand, should be put into a pail, and should be well stirred up with water, until the water grows very thick, so as to be almost of the consistency of a thin jelly. This wash when used, will grow dry in a few minutes.

Before the flooring boards are laid, a small quantity of very dry common sand should be strewed over the rough plaster work, but not over the tops of the joists. The sand should be struck smooth with an hollow rule, which ought to be about the length of the distance from joist to joist, and of about one eighth of an inch curvature; which rule, passing over the sand, in the same direction with the joists, will cause the sand to lay rather rounding in the middle of the interval between each pair of joists. The flooring boards may then be laid and fastened down in the usual manner; but very particular attention must be paid to the rough plaster work and to the sand being most perfectly dry before the boards are laid, for fear of the dry rot; of which however there is no kind of danger, when this precaution is made use of. The method of *under flooring*

I have also applied with the utmost success, to a wooden staircase. It is made to follow the shape of the steps, but no sand is laid upon the rough plaster work in this case.

The method of *extra lathing* may be applied to ceiling joists, to sloping roofs, and to wooden partitions. It is simply this: As the laths are going to be nailed on, some of the above mentioned rough plaster ought to be spread between these laths and the joists (or other timbers against which these laths are to be nailed. The laths ought to be nailed very close to each other. When either of the ends of any of the laths laps over other laths, it ought to be attended to, that these ends be bedded sound in some of the same kind of rough plaster. This attention is equally necessary for the second layer of laths hereafter mentioned.

The first layer of laths ought to be covered with a pretty thick coat of the same rough plaster spoken of above. A second layer of laths ought then to be nailed on, each lath being, as it is put on, well squeezed and bedded sound into the soft rough plaster. For this reason, no more of this first coat of rough plaster ought to be laid on at a time that what can be immediately followed with the second layer of laths.

The laths of this second layer ought to be laid as close to each other as they can be, to allow of a proper clench for the rough plaster. The laths of the second layer may then be plastered over with a coat of the same kind of rough plaster, or it may be plastered over in the usual manner.

The third method, which is that of *inter securing*, is very similar, in most respects, to that of *under flooring*; but no sand is afterwards to be laid upon it. *Inter securing* is applicable to the same parts of a building as the method of *extra lathing* just described; but it is not often necessary to be made use of.

* If a third layer of laths be immediately nailed on, and be covered with a third coat of rough plaster, I then call the method treble lathing; but this method of treble lathing can almost, in no case be required.

I have made a prodigious number of experiments upon every part of these different methods. I caused a wooden building to be constructed at Chevening in Kent, in order to perform them in the most natural manner. The method of *extra lathing* and *double under flooring* were the only ones made use of in that building.

On the 26th of September 1777, I had the honour to repeat some of my experiments before the president and some of the fellows of the Royal Society, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London, the committee of city lands, several of the foreign ministers, and a great number of other persons.

The first experiment was to fill the lower room of the building (which was about twenty six feet long by sixteen wide) full of shavings and faggots, mixed with combustibles, and to set them all on fire. The heat was so intense, that the glass of the windows was melted like so much common sealing wax, and run down in drops, yet the flooring boards of that very room were not burnt through, nor was one of the side timbers, flooring joists, or ceiling joists damaged in the smallest degree; and the persons who went into the room immediately over the room filled with fire, did not perceive any ill effects from it whatever, even the floor of that room being perfectly cool during that enormous conflagration immediately underneath.

I then caused a kind of wooden building of full fifty feet in length, and of three stories high in the middle, to be erected, quite close to one end of the secured wooden house. I filled and covered this building with above eleven hundred large kiln faggots and several loads of dry shavings; and I set this pile on fire. The height of the flame was no less than eighty seven feet perpendicular from the ground, and the grass upon a bank, at a hundred and fifty feet from the fire, was all scorched; yet the

the secured wooden building, quite contiguous to this vast heap of fire, was not at all damaged, except some parts of the outer coat of plaster work.

This experiment was intended to represent a wooden town on fire, and to show how effectually even a wooden building, if secured according to my new method, would stop the progress of the flames on that side, without any assistance from fire engines, &c.

The last experiment I made that day was, the attempting to burn a wooden staircase, secured according to my simple method of *under flooring*. The underside of the staircase was *extra lathed*. Several very large kiln faggots were laid, and kindled, under the staircase, round the stairs and upon the steps; this wooden staircase notwithstanding resisted, as if it had been of fire stone, all the attempts that were made to consume it. I have since made five other still stronger fires

upon this same staircase, without having repaired it, having, moreover, filled the small place in which this staircase is, entirely with shavings and large faggots; but the staircase is, however, still standing, and is but little damaged.

In most houses it is necessary *only to secure the floors*; and that according to the method of *single under flooring* already described. The extra expense of it (all materials included) is only about *nine pence per square yard*, unless there should be particular difficulties attending the execution, in which case, it will vary a little. When quick lime is made use of, the expense is a trifle more. The extra expense of the method of *extra lathing*, is no more than *six pence per square yard* for the timber, side walls, and partitions; but for the ceiling about *nine pence per square yard*. No *extra lathing* is necessary in the generality of houses.

REMARKABLE INSTANCES of LONGEVITY.

THE Lord Verulam, in his history of life and death, relates the following curious anecdote.—In Hertfordshire there was a Morris dance performed by eight men, whose years summed up together, the total amounted to eight hundred. What some of them wanted of the age of one hundred, the rest supplied by being above.

OLD AGE: An ANECDOTE.

SIR Walter Rawleigh avers, that he was well acquainted with the old Countess of Desmond of Inchemire, in the province of Munster, in Ireland, who lived Anno Domini 1589, and many years afterward, whose nuptials were solemnized in the reign of Edward the fourth, and she kept her jointure, with a good part of the estate, from all the Earls of Desmond, above an hundred years, the

truth of which all the nobility and gentry of Munster can testify.—The Lord Bacon adds, that she was at least an hundred and forty years of age, and that after casting her teeth, new ones came three several times.

[Rawleigh's *Hist. World*.]

HENRY JENKINS of the parish of Bolton, in Yorkshire, lived till he was an hundred sixty and nine years of age. He was sworn a witness in a cause to an hundred and twenty years, which the judge reproving him for, he said he was then butler to Lord Conyers; and it was reported that his name was found in some old register of Lord Conyer's menial servants. This relation was sent to the publisher of the philosophical transactions of the Royal Society by Dr. Fanerod Robinson, Fellow of the College of Physicians,

scians, and of the Royal Society, who adds further, that Henry Jenkins coming into his sister's kitchen to beg an alms, he asked him how old he was, he, after a little pausing, said, about an hundred and sixty two or three years. The Doctor asked him what Kings he remembered? He said Henry the eighth. What public thing he could longest remember? He said, the fight at Flowdenfield. Whether the King was there? He said, no, he was in France, and the Earl of Surry was General.—How old he was then? He said, about twelve years old. The Doctor looked into an old chronicle that was in the house, and found the battle of Flowdenfield was an hundred and fifty two years before, that the Earl

he named was General, and that Henry the seventh was then at Tournay. Jenkins was a poor man, and could neither write nor read. There were also four or five in the same parish reputed to be an hundred years old a piece, or within two or three of it, who all said, he was an elderly man, ever since they knew him; for he was born in another parish, and before, as it is said, any registers were in churches. This Henry Jenkins died December 8th, 1670, at Ellerton upon Swale, and by computation of the things mentioned was an hundred sixty and nine years of age. He out lived old Parr sixteen years, and was the oldest man born on the ruins of the postdiluvian world.

[*Trans. Royal Soc. Anno. 1696.*]

The PRODIGAL RECLAIMED: Or, The STORY of FATHER SAINTFORT.

(*Concluded from page 17th of our Magazine for January.*)

"IT remained to determine what was to be our plan of life for the future. An old domestic of my father's had been for several years settled in the north of England, where he rented this farm from the Earl of ——. Hither we proposed to retire for a few months, till we should arrange our future schemes. I was struck with the wild and romantic scenery of this beautiful dale; and, harassed as I had been with care and anxiety, my spirits were soothed for some time by the quiet and solitude of the country.

I own to you, my friend, that this composure of mind was not permanent. The man of the world cannot at once assume the manners and taste of a recluse. The change was too violent, from the tumult of my former life, to the dead calm in which I now passed my time.

After some weeks acquaintance had worn off the edge of novelty, I no longer saw the same beauties of the fields, the woods, the rocks, that had at first engaged me. The manners of the country people offended by their vulgarity; and in the society of a few of the neighbouring gentry I found nothing to amuse a cultivated mind, or engage a lively imagination. I looked back with regret to the splendor and bustle of my former life; and impossible as it was for me to indulge in the same gratifications, I would gladly have returned to town; and would, perhaps, have performed the same humiliating part I have seen exhibited by the decayed minions of fashion, spend-thrifts like myself, who haunt, like ghosts, the places of public resort, content to be the spectators of those scenes where they have formerly figured

figured as the most brilliant actors. My Lucinda saw with anxiety this increasing disgust, and her good sense directed to its proper remedy.

"We grow tired," said she, "of this life of inactivity, we languish for want of an object to occupy us. I have been meditating a small experiment; and if you approve, we shall put it in execution. What if we should for a while become farmers ourselves? You are surprised at the proposal, but let me explain my meaning.

"Suppose our good landlord should transfer to us the remainder of his lease; that he should have the charge of management, with a suitable recompense, while the chance of profit, and the risk of loss, should be ours. I know he will agree to it, for I have founded him on the subject. The laborious part, the business of agriculture, shall be his, while we occupy ourselves in decorating this little spot with a thousand embellishments, which nature points out, and which your good taste could easily execute. Remember, it is only an experiment. Our bargain must be conditional, if we tire of it, we can when we please drop the scheme, and pursue any other we choose to adopt." To be short, Sir, I was pleased with the idea; our plan was soon arranged, and I became what you now see me, Farmer Saintfort.

"I set to work with alacrity in the business of improvement; and perceiving on the principle of uniting beauty with utility, I had, in the space of a few months, accomplished the outlines of that plan which I have been continually occupied since that time in finishing in detail. In this employment, in which the mind has much more share than is generally imagined, I

found a source of pleasure infinitely beyond my expectation. Every day added to the beauties of my little paradise; and I had the satisfaction of finding that those operations which the motive of ornament had first suggested, were frequently of the most substantial benefit. The beautiful variety of the ground was obscured by an undistinguished mass of brushwood. I enlarged the extent of my arable ground, by opening fields to the sun, which had lain hid under a matting of furze and brambles. In the formation of a fish-pond, I have drained an unwholesome fen, and converted a quagmire into a luxuriant meadow. At the end of the first year, my tutor in husbandry gave me hopes that the succeeding crop would double the returns which the farm had ever afforded under his management; and the event justified his prediction. How delightful, my dear friend, was it for me to perceive that the taste of my Lucinda seemed equally adapted with my own to our new mode of life! Far from inheriting that instability of mind with which her sex is generally reproached, her ardour was unabated, and every thought was centered in the cares of her household, and the education of her children. Completely engaged in these domestic duties, while I superintended the labours of the fields and garden, we had no other anxiety than what tended to give a zest to our enjoyments. In place of feeling time lie heavy on our hands, we rose with the sun, and found the day too short for its occupations.

"We had now learned by experience, how very moderate an income is sufficient to purchase all the real comforts of life. At the conclusion of the third year, on summing

summing up our accounts, we found a clear saving of 400l. This sum we might, perhaps, without any breach of what the world terms honesty, have considered as our own. But (thank God!) slaves as we have been to the world, we had better notions of moral rectitude. It was unfit that we should accumulate for ourselves, while there existed a single person that could say, we had done him wrong. We set apart this sum as the beginning of a fund for the payment of that equitable claim which yet remained to our creditors; and it is now some years since we could boast of having faithfully discharged the last farthing of our debts. The pleasure attendant on this reflection, you may conceive, but I cannot describe. How poor, in comparison to it, are the selfish gratifications of vanity, the mean indulgence of pampered appetites, and all the train of luxurious enjoyments, when bought at the expense of conscience!

"Since my residence here, I have more than once made a visit to town on an errand of business. I there see the same scenes as formerly; and others intoxicated, like myself, with the same giddy pleasures. To me the magical delusion is at an end; and I wonder where lay the charm which once had such power of fascination. But one species of pleasure I have enjoyed from these visits, which I cannot omit to mention; the affectionate welcome I have received from the most respectable of my

old acquaintance. I read from their countenances their approbation of my conduct; and in their kindness mingled with respect, I have a reward valuable in proportion to the worth of those who bestow it. Nor is the pleasure less which I derive from the regard and esteem of my honest neighbours in the country. Of their characters I had formed a very unfair estimate, when seen through the medium of my own distempered mind; and in their society my Lucinda and I enjoy, if not the refined pleasures of polished intercourse, the more valuable qualities of sincerity, probity, and good sense.

"Such, Sir, for these fourteen years past, has been my manner of life; nor do I believe I shall ever exchange it for another. The term of my lease has, within that period, been renewed in my own name, and that of my son. If a more active life should be *his* choice, he is free to pursue it. I shall be content with the reflection of having bestowed on him a better patrimony than myself enjoyed—a mind uncorrupted by the prospect of hereditary affluence, and a constitution tempered to the virtuous habits of industry and sobriety."

Here Mr. Saintford made an end of his story. I have given it as nearly as I could in his own words; and judging it to afford an example not unworthy to be recorded, I transmit it in that view to the author of a work which bids fair to pass down to posterity.

I am, Sir, yours,

J. D.

NATURE her own SURGEON.

SPEAKING of the nature and cure of *simple and compound fractures*, Dr. Hunter observed; in his lectures, that, in treat-

ing the *compound*, many surgeons did mischief, and irritated the wound, by their officious and artificial manner of dressing it.

je. Instead of that practice, he commenced treating the *compound*, as much as possible, in the same way as the *simple fracture*: And in confirmation of that practice, used to relate the following singular case, which was always heard with great attention, because the instruction was conveyed in the way of pleasantry.

"A maniacal patient, Mr. G——, who was confined in the Infirmary at Edinburgh (he says it was about thirty years ago) seeming to have recovered a calm and rational state of mind, was allowed to take an airing in the garden by himself. Here he took the resolution of making his escape; and got over the garden wall. In dropping himself from the wall, which was very high, he pulled a large cap-stone along with him, and suffered a very bad *compound fracture* in his leg. He was carried round, and lodged again in the Infirmary, in this unhappy condition; and the surgeon, who was presently brought to him, set the leg, dressed the wound, applied the eighteen tailed bandage, &c. in the usual way. After all this, the patient appearing to be very calm, the surgeon gave some proper directions, went away, and the patient was left alone to get some rest, which was thought proper, and seemed to be his own desire. His madness now took a singularly whimsical turn: He knew very well that he had got a miserably broken leg; but his crazy imagination made him believe, that the surgeon had mistaken the leg, had bestowed all his cunning upon the sound leg, which required no attention, and had left the shattered limb to shift for itself. Under this firm persuasion, convinced that his surgeon was too ignorant to perceive his blunder, too conceited to be set right, and too proud to suffer such humiliation, he thought it would be most prudent, in his present state of subjection, for the cure of his broken leg, to make the best use he could of the judgment and dexterity which God had given him. He removed the whole apparatus from the broken leg, with great

attention, that he might be able to apply it to the other leg, so exactly in the same manner, that the surgeon should not be able to discover the alteration; and, lest any suspicion should arise, and lead to an inquiry and discovery, he thought he should be still more secure by secreting or hiding the other leg, that it might not be found, and appear in evidence against him. He therefore tore a large hole in the sheet and feather bed, and buried the wounded leg among the feathers.

Next day, when the surgeon visited him, he said, that for a while he had been in pain, but that by a fortunate and accidental motion of the foot, the pain went off, as by a charm; that he had continued perfectly easy ever since; and therefore was resolved to keep it as steadily as possible in the same situation. The surgeon finding him easy, the pulse quiet, and no symptom whatever of fever, went to the foot of the bed, and lifting up the clothes, said, Let us just see how the foot and leg look. The patient seemed much alarmed with the proposal, and entreated him, for mercy's sake, to desist; because, he said, the least motion in the world would disturb it, and bring all his pains back again. The surgeon assured him that the bed-clothes touched nothing but the cradle, and that the lifting them up could not in the least move either the leg or foot; and then, observing to the students that the appearance of the foot was as favorable as he could wish, he expressed his satisfaction, and went away. Every day's visit, after this, turned out equally satisfactory, both to the surgeon and patient, until the fifth or sixth day, when the surgeon grew very anxious to see the wound, lest any lurking mischief should be concealed, and was determined to remove the dressings. This the patient resisted, first with prayers, and then with imprecations and rage; but at last he was obliged to submit. The surgeon, with a cautious and tender hand, removed the bandages, and, as he went on, expressed the pleasure which he felt on seeing the skin,

skin, both above and below the wound, in so natural a condition. At length he lifted up the dressings, which he found were quite loose, and, seeing a leg now perfectly sound, which, a few days before, he had seen in such a lamentable state, you can better conceive than I can tell how he looked. After a short pause, he passed his fingers along the *tibia*, and then said, I only know that a fracture and wound there certainly was, and now there is certainly neither. Presently he recovered himself enough to recollect that it was the other leg which he had set and dressed; and said, Where is the other leg? turning off the bed clothes at the same time. Lunatics are quick in resources, not easily put out of countenance, and imagine that nobody can doubt what they assert. Mr. G——, sensible now that the leg would be discovered, drew it out from among the feathers, saying, with great expression of resentment and rage, that he would now expose the surgeon's ignorance to the whole world; that he always knew surgeons to be a set of ignorant fellows, though they wore large wigs; and now he would prove it, by a shocking instance, to the satisfaction of all present. This leg, said he, holding out the broken leg, with a great cake of blood and feathers crusted over and round the wound, this leg, thank God! is as sound as

any man's:—There, pointing to the other, is the broken leg—you see what a desperate condition it is in; and that fellow, being called, did nothing for it:—He was called to set a broken leg; but he did not know a broken leg, and bound up this. After venting some more of his indignation and rage in sarcastic and coarse language, he begged that some of the young surgeons would bind up his broken leg again (meaning the sound one) for that it was in great pain, was much disturbed with this impertinent examination, and, if not taken care of, would make him a miserable object, at best a cripple for life. The surgeon seeing his patient's imagination so strongly perverted, and being convinced by the agitation which that misapprehension had raised, that it would be, upon the whole, safer to indulge him in his wild conceit, with humanity as well as good sense, desired the young men to humour him, by putting the *apparatus* on the sound leg. From that time he was calm, and, in all other things, reasonable. The cure went on with perfect success;—the scab of feathers at last dropped off;—the wound was then found to be healed, and the callous completed: A memorable lesson for surgeons, and a striking instance of the weakness of human reason, of the imperfection of our boasted art, and of the power of nature!"

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AN ANECDOTE.

PAULINA, wife of Saturninus, was as famous for her extraordinary beauty and unspotted chastity of life, as her noble descent. Decius Mundus, a Roman Knight, fell passionately in love with her, and attempted her chastity with the offer of two hundred thousand drachms; she slighting his gifts, and abhorring his proposals, he determined to famish himself to death. Ide, his father's freed woman, coming to the knowledge

of it, told him that for fifty thousand drachms, she would procure him the enjoyment of the beautiful Paulina; which sum being put into her hands, and she knowing Paulina was a great adorer of Isis, she gives twenty five thousand drachms to some of the priests, acquaints them with the passion of Decius, begs their assistance in gratifying him, and promised them to double the quantity of gold when they had accomplished it.—

The seniors of these covetous priests being so largely bribed, and in expectation of more gold, make a visit to Paulina, and tell her the god Anubis was so smitten with her beauty, that he commanded her to come to him at such a time and place. She obtaining her husband's consent, went to the temple at night, was locked in by the confederate priests. In the dark Decius Mundus passed for the god, and she extolled the favor she had received to her husband and acquaintance. Three days after Mundus meeting her, said, "It was kindly done of you Paulina, to save me two hundred thousand drachms, and yet give me the pleasure of enjoying you under the borrowed name of Anubis," and

then abruptly left her. Paulina now apprehending how she had been abused and cheated, tore her hair, rent her clothes, told her husband what a villainy had been acted, and on her knees, begged that Mundus, and all his confederates, might have an exemplary punishment.

Saturninus, her husband, relates the matter to Tiberius the Emperor, who finding it to be true, sentenced all the priests that were concerned, and Ide, to be crucified, the temple to be demolished, and the statue of Isis to be thrown into the river Tiber; but Mundus he only condemned to banishment, as excusing his crime, in part, for the great passion and love he had for the lady.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The GENERAL OBSERVER. No. XLIII.

*"When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
Sure wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind."*

GOLDSMITH.

IT is an argument of the benevolence of the Deity, that he has made his creatures, particularly human creatures, capable of so much happiness:—An argument equally strong and striking why they should be grateful and obedient. We are apt, indeed, to complain that man is born to trouble, and that our portion of enjoyment is scanty; when, perhaps, it is more owing to our own wrong conduct, or wrong taste, than to any parsimony in the Deity, that our hearts are so uneasy and dissatisfied.

It is impossible to reckon up all the ingredients of pleasure that are put into our hands, or all the avenues and channels which convey it to our hearts. The pleasures which enter through the senses are innumerable, and every where at hand. We cannot open our eyes without discerning some of the beauties of the creation. We cannot converse with our friends, or

partake of our food, without tasting of the bounty of Providence. Few, comparatively, of Nature's beauties are nipped by the frosts, or blown away by the blasts, of Autumn. Nor does the robe of Winter conceal the whole of from our view. Certainly, neither Autumn nor Winter freeze up our enjoyments, nor obstruct the flow of Heaven's beneficence. The naturalist with his microscope, can find pleasure in viewing the beautiful and infinitely diversified configurations of the flakes of snow. The philosopher with his penetration and reasoning, is gratified in investigating its cause, and contemplating its use. The countryman with his team, the traveller and man of pleasure with their sleighs, find equal satisfaction in gliding upon its paths. The boy with his skates is never better pleased than when there is plenty of ice. The votary of ease and of appetite is delighted with

with "a high piled fire, and a smoking dinner." The devotees of amusement in the city receive additional pleasure from the Theatre, from their assemblies, and from their various interior diversions, when every thing abroad repels their wishes and their attention. The man of study, the lover of ideal scenes, and intellectual improvements, feels his faculties invigorated, his prospects enlarged and brightened, and his pleasures enhanced, in proportion as the coldness of the air becomes more intense, and as objects in the external world put on a forbidding appearance.

Should it be said, that the sufferings of the poor are sharpened by the rigour of winter, it is easy to suggest a method in which the pleasures both of the poor and of the rich may be enhanced. It certainly must be a high gratification to those who are pining with hunger, to be refreshed from our tables; and for those who are shivering with the cold, to be supplied with fuel from our stores, and to be warmed with the fleeces of our sheep. And on the part of the benefactors, what greater pleasure than to have the blessing of the needy come upon them? What sweeter music than the widow's heart, by their friendly assistance, singing for joy? The benevolent man feels, that *it is more blessed to give, than to receive.*

Nothing can be plainer, from the preceding observations, and from others of a similar nature, than that, in creatures circumstanced as we are, there is no reason nor excuse for discontent. To say nothing of our ill desert on the one hand, or of the hopes and prospects of good things in a future world, on the other, nothing is more unbecoming and unworthy than

a repining temper in beings that have such sources, such means, and such capacities, of enjoyment. We ought not, indeed, to stop at contentment: We should rise to gratitude. Every one knows and despises the unreasonableness and baseness of ingratitude in others, especially when himself is the object of it. But we are too apt to overlook and indulge it in ourselves, even when loaded with benefits. Gratitude speaks a right disposition, and right sentiments. The gratitude of the recipient should be in proportion to the generosity of the benefactor. As the benevolence of the Deity is exuberant and disinterested, the gratitude of the creature should be sincere and overflowing. Contentment and gratitude are themselves sources of pleasure, and additional demands for additional contentment and gratitude. As an uneasy, unthankful heart, must be the seat of unhappiness, so a mind satisfied with the dealings of Heaven, and grateful for its bounties, must be as full of enjoyments as it is worthy of praise.

Our benevolent Creator, it is plain, supplies us with innumerable materials for happiness, which we perversely and ungratefully manufacture into discontent and uneasiness. Instead of lighting up our mansion with gladness, and making it resound with joy, we overspread it with gloom, and fill it with complaints.

To enhance our happiness as well as virtue, let us be contented and thankful. To increase our contentment and gratitude, let us reflect on our enjoyments. To possess the right temper, let us consider how ill deserving we are, and how beneficent the Deity.

PATRIOTISM: An ANECDOTE.

L. PAULUS EMILIUS was blessed with four sons, two of which, viz. Scipio and Fabius, had the honours to be

engrafted into other noble families by adoption. The other two being yet in their minority, he kept at home with him,

him, that he might look after their education. The eldest, being about fourteen years of age, was snatched away by sudden death, five days before the celebration of his triumph; and the youngest of twelve years of age, died three days after it. All the Roman people were so sensibly afflicted at the decay of this noble family, that their grief might be read in their dejected countenances; which Emilius perceiving, and bearing his loss with profound magnanimity of spirit, caused the citizens of Rome to be assembled, to administer consolation to them, without designing to receive any from them. The populace being met, he spake to them after this manner:—"Fellow citizens, in the great happiness you now enjoy, know-

ing all terrene affairs are subject to vicissitudes, I was not without fears that fortune, by her own fickleness and inconstancy, might convert her smiles into frowns, and meditate mischief to you; for which reason, I importuned the highest Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, with continued prayers, that, if any evil was designed against the people of Rome, it might be divested from them, and the whole be showered down upon my family; which being come to pass, I rejoice that the gods have so far complied with my petitions, that you would rather lament my particular afflictions, than I should grieve at any general calamity fallen upon you."

[*Quin. Treat.*]

On the POWER of CUSTOM.

Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere cadentque.

Quæ nunc sunt in honore —

Si volet usus

Quem penes arbitrium est, & jus, & norma. —

HORACE.

THE most dangerous enemy to the native freedom of our reason, the most absolute and unbounded tyrant over all our actions, is that creature of our own indolence, that child of sufferance, Custom. This, when once established, becomes not only a powerful, but an eternal sovereign over us, and with the generality of the world stands in the place of law, power, authority, and religion; in short, of every thing that has a right to be revered and obeyed.

The beginnings of this unlimited power are, however, small and unobserved, it seizes sily and treacherously on authority, and plants itself by little and little unobservedly, and as it were insensibly, with an humble, and often a soothing, or even a pleasing beginning; but when it has firmly settled, and by the help of time thoroughly established its power, it at once

throws off its original soft and pleasing aspect, puts on in its place all the terrors of a furious and tyrannic sovereign; and brow-beats us out of all power or liberty even to dare to think against its orders. Hence it takes from every fleeting hour new strength, and swells into an eternally additional greatness; like a river, which, at its source, a man may stride over, but as it rolls over an extent of country, and receives continual supplies and increase from a thousand springs, becomes at length great and terrible, and with resistless violence, bears down every thing before it.

Nothing can be more strange, or more amazing than the manner in which this tyrant of the human mind, has exerted its power among the different nations of the world; in different parts of which, there is nothing so strange, nothing so seemingly

seemingly contrary to reason, but it is some where or other authorized, and made sacred by it.

No one of all the crimes we are subject to commit, is in itself so shocking to our very nature as murder; and no murder so horrible as parricide: Yet this, nay even this with additional circumstances of horror, and these such as we cannot but judge even more detestable, more shocking to our nature, than the very crime itself; this uncontrollable, this savage tyrant, Custom, has introduced into the practice of whole nations, nay, made an act of reverence and filial piety.

This, however, and a thousand other lesser instances of the unbounded power of Custom, give the generality of the world no trouble, in accounting for, or reasoning about them: The vulgar set themselves above all such employment of their minds, and make short work with all these foreign customs, by declaring every thing barbarism and folly, that does not fall in with the round of their own thoughts; or in other words, with the manners and customs and the place where they live: Where it is the Custom to wear the hair long and loose, a beau in a bag perriwig is a monster, and attracts the eyes of a thousand gaping idiots; and, on the contrary, where it is the Custom to wear the bag, a flowering head of hair rolling in ringlets over half the back is laughed at. But the moralist judges not thus, he dares dissent from the opinions of the vulgar, not only in things of this kind, which are in themselves trifling and idle, but can view with an impartial and judicious eye, such of the effects of this universal power as appear in themselves most detestable, most impious, and shocking to our very nature; and in reasoning candidly upon these, finds, that to judge with our natural prejudices about us, is ever to judge partially, but that divested of these, we shall find that what appear to us, even the very worst of the customs of the most barbarous nations, such as seem to be most

savage, most horrid, and most contrary to all reason; if not absolutely right and better than our own, are yet at least not wholly void of reason, but that the wiser of the people, who practise them, may have much to say in their defence.

Let us in this view fix upon the most horrid of all other customs, that of a large nation in the world, who at a certain age made it an act of piety and duty, to kill and eat the bodies of their parents; and if we find, that any thing can be said in justification of this; let it learn us, that we have certainly no right to condemn any of the others, without a fair and impartial trial.

I need not, on this occasion, recount the thousand reasons we should urge for the detestation of such a practice; every one, who but remembers that he ever had a parent, will feel sufficient emotions in his own heart to testify the general horror of it: But, on the contrary, let us, on the part of those who practised it, consider that powerful Custom had taught them to look on it, as an act of piety and affection. They considered it, we may be assured, as a dutiful and kind action, to relieve their parents from the pains and troubles of a burdensome age, and remove them to eternal ease and happiness; and when they had done this, esteemed their own bodies the most honourable and noble sepulchre in which they could entomb their relics; where instead of mouldering into dust, or being burnt to worthless ashes, they were in a manner revived, and regenerated, and enjoyed by this act of their affection a second life in their own flesh.

These reasons the moralist is free enough to consider, in his impartial way, as arguments which can only lose their weight with those who are strongly possessed with another opinion; and when he hears an European exclaiming against the barbarity and horror of them, can, in his mind's eye, behold an honest and untutored Indian express in no less strong terms, his horror and abomination of, as

he would call them, our savage customs. How can my honest and affectionate heart, cries he, bear to see the author of my being, the guide, the preserver, and instructor of my youth, the man to whom alone I owe, that I am, and what I am, languish before my face in pain, infirmities, and misery, from which I know he cannot be relieved, but must wait for nature's cruel and slow period, and daily for years together lament his miseries before me? Can I see this, and by the effect of a brutal and inhuman Custom, tie up my friendly, grateful hand from giving him relief? Or, when a series of torments have at length released him, can I commit that flesh, of which I am myself a part, to be buried in the earth, to be left to stench and rotteness, to be the food of worms and every hateful insect? No; let me act the part of a son to him, who has acted that of a father to me, at once relieve him from his miseries, and make him live again a part of my own body; that so my son hereafter, performing the same act of piety to me, I may make him some amends for all I have received from him, and for that he gave me being, give him immortality. Such as these, we may imagine, were the sentiments of the gallant Indian, whom all the promises and threatenings of Darius, could no more prevail with to see the body of his parent burnt, and reduced to smoke and ashes, than with his own soldiers to imitate the practice of the Indians, and eat theirs.

Such then is Custom, such its unlimited power in the various nations of the earth; and, among ourselves, those who say it is a second nature, speak too slightly of it: Its authority loses indeed the appearance of control by use; but if we come strictly to examine into things, we shall find, that in a thousand instances it conquers nature, and all our passions. Why is it, for instance, that the charms of the most beautiful women have no power upon their fathers or their brothers? This chastity is not of nature, but of Custom

merely; law and religion make incest an act of horror; and Custom, on the strength of these, has taught us, when looking at our near relations, to forget that we are men, or that they are women.

Custom is able not only thus to trample on nature, and the strongest of its passions, but it has a multitude of good and bad effects besides: It overcomes all difficulties, makes a thousand things easy that seem impossibilities, sweetens and softens the bitterest afflictions, and gives, by this means, ease in all our troubles. But we are to observe also, that the same Custom masters and tyrannizes over our very souls, our beliefs, and judgments, with a most unjust and unequalled authority; it does and undoes; authorizes and condemns whatever it will, without, nay often contrary to reason; and too frequently establishes opinions and actions most ignoble, and unworthy of our reason, and bears down and destroys such as are truly great and honourable.

Our great caution against the ills attending this tyrannical ruler of our minds is to guard against it betimes. Plato chiding a youth for a too inordinate love of the boyish plays, was answered, that he was too severe, and chid him for things of small moment. To which that divine philosopher replied, with this most valuable and memorable sentence, Child! Custom is not a thing of small moment. This let us eternally remember to inculcate, and at the same time ever to reverence the laws and customs of our country, were it only merely because they are so: These let us ever applaud in public; and if there be in them any thing unworthy a good or a wise man's approbation, dissent from them in private only, and keep our objections in our own breasts; ever remembering that a wise and good man will always act as if under the government of laws and customs, though there were no such thing as laws and customs in the world.

[*London Mag.*]

ANECDOTE,

A N E C D O T E.

KING Edward the fourth of England, says Sir Thomas Moore, was every way one of the completest persons of his age, tall, of fair complexion, and of majestic presence. In the fourteenth year of his reign, a free benevolence being granted to maintain a war against France, he pleasantly demanded of a rich widow what she would give him towards bearing the expenses of the war. "By my

troth (quoth she) King, tho'rt een a hansom mon, and for thy lovely face thou sha't ha twenty pounds." That sum being great in those days, and more by half than the King expected, he gave the widow thanks, and kindly saluted her; which had such an effect upon the old woman, that she replied, "Neay now King, by th' ma'ss thou sha't ha twenty pounds more," and she paid it accordingly.

A V A R I C E.

QUINTILIAN mentions the fact of a rich man his contemporary.—He poisoned the flow-

ers and herbs in his garden, that his neighbours' Bees might gather no more honey from them.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

SADI, the celebrated Persian philosopher and historian, relates an entertaining and instructive anecdote of Cosroes, King of Persia. This prince had a minister of state, whose character was so amiable, that it was difficult to determine by whom he was most beloved, by the King or by the people. At length, this able minister demanded his dismissal; but Cosroes, unwilling to lose such a faithful, and wise statesman, desired an explanation. "Why would you desert me, said the afflicted monarch; have you any cause of complaint? Has not the dew of my benevolence fallen upon thee? Have not all my slaves been ordered to make no distinction between thy orders and mine? Are not you next my heart? Have you any thing to ask that I can grant? Speak, and you shall be satisfied; only do not think of

leaving me." Mitrane, the minister, made this reply: "O, King, I have served thee with zeal and fidelity, and thou hast most amply rewarded me; but nature now requires from me one of the most sacred of all duties—I have a son, who can only learn from me how to serve thee or thy successors hereafter, as I have done; let me pursue this private duty, after all my care for the public good." Cosroes granted his request, but upon this condition, that he should take the young prince his son along with him into his retreat, and educate both the youths together. Mitrane set out for his rural retreat, and after five or six years absence he returned, and carried his pupils to court. Cosroes was overjoyed to see his son again, but upon examination he was greatly chagrined to find that he had not made the

the same progress in his studies as the son of Mitrane; in short, he was greatly inferior to him in point of real merit. The king complained to the minister of this striking difference; and his reply should be a lesson to all young men of good dispositions. "O, king, my

son has made a better use than yours of the instructions I gave to both; my attention has been equally divided between them, but my son knows that his dependence must be on mankind, while I could never conceal from your's, that men would be dependent upon him."

DESCRIPTION of the BAY-TREE.

[From HARRIS's Natural History of the Bible.]

BAY-TREE. The female laurel. A genus of the *enneandria monogynia* class of plants, or those which have nine stamina, and only one style in the flower. It has no calyx, but the corolla consists of six hollow, erect, and oval pointed petals. Its fruit is a drupe of an oval pointed figure; the seed a nut, and its kernel, of the same shape.

This tree propagates by seed in most countries which are moderately warm. It spreads wide; and hath a most beautiful flourish. Unless the winter be severe it retains its verdure through the year: But it quickly grows old and decays.

It is mentioned only in Psal. lxxvii. 35, 36. *I have seen the ungodly in great power, and flourishing like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and, lo! He was not: Yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.*

The septuagint and vulgate render it cedars: But the high Dutch of Luther's Bible, the old Saxon,

and Island translation, the French, Spanish, the Italian of Diodati, and the version of Ainsworth, retain the word *laurel*. And, as the sense of the text is sufficiently answered by this, we are unwilling to exclude that noble plant from the honour of having its name in scripture. The word *flourishing* is also more applicable to the laurel, which, in its prosperity, abounds in pleasant flowers.

A similar metaphor to the Psalmist's is used by Shakespeare in describing the uncertainty of human happiness, and the end of human ambition.

—"Such is the state of man!
Today he puts forth tender leaves of hope;
Tomorrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick
upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man,
full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, never to hope again."

Remarkable SINGULARITIES in the LIVES of celebrated MEN.

[From WHARTON's Essay on the Writings and Genius of POPE, Vol. II.]

WHO could imagine that Locke was fond of romances; that Newton once studied astrology; that Dr. Clarke

valued himself for his agility, and frequently amused himself in a private room of his house in leaping over the tables and chairs:

chairs: And that Pope himself was a great epicure? When he spent a summer with a certain Nobleman, he was accustomed to lie whole days in bed on account of his head-achs, but would at any time rise with alacrity, when his servant informed him there were stewed lampreys for dinner. On the evening of an important battle, the Duke of Marlborough was heard chiding his servant for being so extravagant as to light four candles in his tent, when Prince Eugene came to confer with him. Elisabeth was a coquet, and Bacon received a bribe. Dr. Busby had a violent passion for the stage; it was excited in him by the applauses he received in acting the Royal Slave before the King at Christchurch; and he declared, that if the rebellion had not broke out, he had certainly engaged himself as an actor. Luther was so immoderately passionate, that he sometimes boxed Melancthon's ears; and Melancthon himself was a believer in judicial astrology, and an interpreter of dreams. Richlieu and Mazarin were so superstitious as to employ and pension Morin, a pretender to astrology, who cast the nativities of these two able politicians. Nor was Tacitus himself, who generally appears superior to superstition, untainted

with this folly, as may appear from the twenty-second chapter of the sixth book of his annals. Men of great genius have been somewhere compared to the pillar of fire that conducted the Israelites, which frequently turned a cloudy side towards the spectator.

But it is far more pleasing to mention what may be termed the *amiable* singularities. We are naturally gratified to see great men descending from their heights, into the familiar offices of common life; and the sensation is the more pleasing to us, because *admiration* is turned into *affection*. In the very entertaining memoirs of the life of Racine (published by his son) we find no passage more amusing and interesting, than where that great Poet sends an excuse to Monf. the Duke, who had earnestly invited him to dine at the Hotel de Condé, because he had promised to partake of a great fish that his children had got for him, and he could not think of disappointing them.

Melancthon appeared in an amiable light, when he was seen, one day, holding a book in one hand, and attentively reading, and with the other rocking the cradle of his infant child.

The REPOSITORY. No. XVII.

[Written at a period of our late contest with Great Britain, replete with apprehension and distress]

IT is a delightful morning—a few clouds seemed to chase each other athwart the sky—but the rising sun hath dispersed them, and it hath spread the firmament with the brightest azure:—So, just so, may we not suppose that the great, the glorious Son of righteousness will, on the auspicious day of the *resitution of all things*, dispel the clouds, clear up every doubt, and wipe away every tear, from the faces of the then not sorrowing family of man.

Vol. VI.

B

The feathered songsters have been hours since hymning their great Creator—their sweet and harmonizing melody charms me as I write. Etherial airs breathe on me their chaste and salutary influence, and soft is the breath of gentle zephyr. Order, at this present, seems constituted regent of the natural world; all but man, savage man—who, as if the day was too short for their hostile triumph, are already parading our streets, proudly exulting with

with their instruments of death towering in the air. How have we exchanged the delightful scenes of peace and security, for all the horrors of war, and of civil war too ! Parents draw the sword to sheathe it in the bosom of their enraged children ! And children are aiming at the hoary heads of those who are the authors of their being !—O my Country, how art thou deluged in blood !—how art thou torn by intestine tumults !—Who but must wish for some Days-Man to step between, and reconcile the contending parties—heal, heal these disorders, Oh our God, we humbly beseech thee—save our political world for thy great mercies' sake, and say unto this our nation, *Learn war no more.*

Great is the anarchy and confusion which prevails : Lawless power hath exalted itself, and sitting as supreme judge, it wantonly tries, and condemns all whom ignorance and prejudice audaciously arraign. I tremble for myself, I tremble for my friends, tenderly attached to many persons warmly engaged in opposite parties, by consequence my spirit must be greatly agitated. *This Massachusetts test act*, arbitrary in its designation, encroaching even upon the liberty of reflection, and, if carried into execution, destructive of the most upright among us. Two persons I know, of unblemished integrity ; they are among the dearest of my friends ; they have not been active in the present contest ; much have they contributed to the public weal ; yet their sentiments correspond not with the popular measures ; but they presume not to oppose, they wish only to preserve unbroken silence ; in the decline of life they are only solicitous to pass the remainder of their days amid the sweets of calm retirement and of friendship. They wish not to embark on the troubled ocean of politics ; hitherto they have persevered in the path of rectitude ; their moral characters are irreproachable—amiable pair, how have they been admired at the head of their family—as

parents, as master, as mistress, as most bountiful benefactors to the sons and daughters of adversity : Full often have they dried the swollen eye of sorrow, and soothed the heart that was well near bursting with anguish : Their hospitable mansion was well known to the stranger and the captive, and with them amity hath taken up her abode, yet they have already suffered many indignities, the gothic mob have assaulted and insulted them, and this arbitrary act, unprecedented in civilized annals, and summoning *the secrets of the soul*, will compel them to wander in a state of exile far from their peaceful home. Well assured of their unyielding veracity, that they will never stoop to a public avowal of sentiments foreign to their hearts ; already their children, and their friends, crowd around them, as if the moment to bid them a last, solemn adieu, was even now arrived. To banish the man of virtue is surely impolitic—at an advanced time of life too, and for no one crime. Thought, merely opinion, ought never to be subject to human jurisdiction—for the freeborn soul will still assert her right.

Yet if they must be exiled, they would consider it as a mitigation, might they be permitted to retire to some part of America, for Europe, they mildly observe, will be distancing them too far from those who are very, very dear to their hearts. Surely the face of this once peaceful village, is already sufficiently changed. The habitations where heretofore Friendship, and her sister Peace, with smiling competency, went hand in hand, are now desolate, forsaken and forlorn—how dreary towers the deserted mansions—once indeed they were famed for hospitality—but now—Can this be the cheerful village ? are these the happy dwellings ? Where, alas ! are the banished inhabitants ?—if they were lodged in the silent tomb, reason, by degrees, would cease to lament them, and we should hail them happy upon the shore of immortality—but they are driven hence by hostile terror,

terror, they have fled to preserve their persons from the calamities of war—they are wretched dependents upon a false, and an ungrateful world. Cease thou sovereign of the British world—cease thy proclamations, lend a compassionate ear to thy still petitioning subjects—see, we are harraßed, scattered, and suffering—final destruction probably awaits.

Oh Britain! Oh America! adopt, for your bleeding countries' sake, adopt conciliating measures, if ye would not that impending ruin should speedily fall upon your wretched sons, your wretched daughters—confusion, we repeat, prevails: No energetic Legislature—the barriers of the

law are thrown down—licentiousness, with baleful influence, becomes triumphant, and every neighbour may safely purloin from each other! The good are tired of this bad world, and, for me, my coward soul shrinks from, and trembles at, the prospect which is opening. What a dreary wilderness this globe! My full heart joins issue with the Poet, and, adopting his language, can experimentally say—I have indeed grasped the shadows, and I have found them air, lighter than air, altogether vanity: if I had weighed them ere my fond embrace, what darts of agony had missed my soul.

CONSTANTIA.

A N E C D O T E.

THE Florentines sent one Franciszons a civilian, Ambassador to Joan Queen of Naples, who being told at his arrival, that he must depart the next day; and having formerly heard that the Queen had a common kindness for handsome men, in which number he thought himself included; after he had his audience, he told the Queen, he had something to com-

municate to her Majesty in private, upon which the Queen withdrew to her private chamber, here the Ambassador requested the honour of her embraces. The Queen asked him, if that was a part of his commission—bid him return to his master—and caused this transaction with the rest of his negotiations to be entered in the state journals.

SIR MATTHEW HALE'S LETTER to his CHILDREN.

(Continued from page 8.)

WHEN a person is accused or reported to have injured you, before you give yourself leave to be angry, think with yourself, why should I be angry before. I am certain it is true, or if it be true, how can I tell how much I should be angry, till I know the whole matter? Though it may be he hath done me wrong, yet possibly it is misrepresented, or it was done by mistake, or it may be he is sorry for it: I will not be angry till I

know there be cause, and if there be cause, yet I will not be angry till I know the whole cause, for till then, if I must be angry at all, yet I know not how much to be angry, it may be it is not worth my anger, or if it be, it may be it deserves but a little. This will keep your mind and carriage upon such occasions in a due temper and order; and will disappoint malicious or officious tale-bearers.

5. If a man whose integrity you do

do not very well know, makes you great and extraordinary professions and promises, give him as kind thanks as may be, but give not much credit to it: Cast about with yourself what may be the reason of this wonderful kindness, it is twenty to one but you will find something that he aims at, besides kindness to you: It may be he hath something to beg or buy of you, or to sell you, or some such bargain that speaks out at last his own advantage, and not yours: And if he serve his turn upon you, or if he be disappointed, his kindness will grow cool.

6. If a man flatter and commend you to your face, or to one that he thinks will tell you of it; it is a thousand to one, either he hath deceived and abused you some way, or means to do so: Remember the fable of the fox commending the singing of the crow when she had somewhat in her mouth that the fox liked.

7. If a person be choleric, passionate, and give you ill language, remember, first, rather to pity him than to be moved into anger and passion with him, for most certainly that man is in a distemper and disorder, observe him calmly and you shall see in him so much perturbation and disturbance, that you will easily believe he is not a pattern to be imitated by you, and therefore return not choler for anger; for you do but put yourself into a kind of frenzy because you see him so;
2. Be sure you return not railing, reproaching, or reviling for reviling, for it doth but kindle more heat, and you will find silence, or at least very gentle words, the most exquisite revenge of reproaches that can be, for either it will cure the distemper in the other and make him see and be sorry for his passion, or it will torment him with more

perturbation and disturbance. But howsoever, it keeps your innocence, gives you a deserved reputation of wisdom and moderation, and keeps up the serenity and composure of your mind, whereas passion and anger do make a man unfit for any thing that becomes him as a man, or as a Christian.

8. Some men are excellent in knowledge of husbandry, some of planting, some of gardening, some in the mathematics, some in one kind, some in another; in all your conversation, learn as near as you can wherein the skill and excellence of any person lies, and put him upon talk of that subject, and observe it, and keep it in memory or writing; by this means you will glean up the worth and excellence of every person you meet with, and at an easy rate put together that which may be for your use upon all occasions.

9. Converse not with a liar or a swearer, or a man of obscene or wanton language; for either he will corrupt you, or at least it will hazard your reputation to be one of the like making: And if it doth neither, yet it will fill your memory with such discourses, that will be troublesome to you in aftertime, and the returns of the remembrance of the passages which you long since heard of this nature, will haunt you, when your thoughts should be better employed.

Now as concerning your own speech and how you are to manage it; something may be collected out of what goes before, but I shall add some things else.

1. Let your speech be true, never speak any thing for a truth, which you know or believe to be false: It is a great sin against God, that gave you a tongue to speak your offence against humanity itself,

self, for where there is no truth, there can be no safe society between man and man: And it is an injury to the speaker, for besides the base disreputation it casts upon him, it doth in time bring a man to that baseness of mind, that he can scarce tell how to tell truth or to avoid lying, even when he hath no colour of necessity for it; and it comes to such a pass, that as another man cannot believe he tells a truth, so he himself scarce knows when he tells a lie: And observe it, a lie ever returns with discovery and shame at the last.

2. As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it, you must not equivocate, you must not speak that absolutely, which you have but by hearsay or relation, you must not speak that as upon knowledge which you have but by conjecture or opinion only.

3. Let your words be few, especially when your betters or strangers, or men of experience, or understanding, are in place, for you do yourself at once two great mischiefs: *First*, you betray and discover your own weakness and folly: *Secondly*, you rob yourself of that opportunity which you might otherwise have to gain knowledge, wisdom, and experience, by hearing those that you silence by your impertinent talking.

4. Be not over earnest, loud, or violent in talking, for it is unseemly, and earnest and loud talking make you overshoot and lose your business: When you should be considering and pondering your thoughts and how to express them significantly, and to the purpose, you are striving to keep your tongue going, and to silence an opponent, not with reason but with noise.

5. Be careful not to interrupt a-

nother in his talk, hear him out, you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answer, it may be, if you will give him leave, he will say somewhat more than you have yet heard, or well understood, or that which you did not expect.

6. Always before you speak, especially where the business is of moment, consider before hand, weigh the sense of your mind, which you intend to utter; think upon the expressions you intend to use, that they may be significant, pertinent, and unoffensive; and whereas it is the ordinary course of inconsiderate persons to speak their words, and then to think, or not to think till they speak; think first and speak after, if it be in any matter of moment or seriousness.

7. Be willing to speak well of the absent if you do not know they deserve ill: By this means you shall make yourself many friends, and sometimes an undeserved commendation is not lost to the party to whom it is given. I have known some men that have met with an undeserved commendation, out of shame of being worse than they have been reported, secretly to take up practices answerable to their commendation, and so make themselves as good as they were reported.

8. Be sure you give not an ill report to any that you are not sure deserves it: And in most cases, though a man deserves ill, yet you should be sparing to report him so; in some cases indeed you are bound, in honesty and justice, to give that account concerning the demerit or default of a person that he deserves; as namely, when you are called to give testimony for the ending of a controversy, or when the concealing of it may hard-

en and encourage a person in an evil way, or bring another into danger; in such cases, the very duty of charity binds you to speak your knowledge, nay your probable fear or suspicion of such a person, so it be done for prevention of greater inconveniences and in love; and especially if the discovery be made to a person that hath a superintendence, care, or authority over the person complained of, for this is an act of love and duty. But for any person maliciously, busily, and with intent to scandalize another, to be whispering tales and stories to the prejudice of others, this is a fault: If you know any good of any person, speak it as you have opportunity: If you know any evil speak it, if it be really and prudently done for the good of him and the safety of others, otherwise rather choose to say nothing, than to say any thing reproachfully, maliciously, or officiously, to his prejudice.

9. Avoid swearing in your ordinary communication, unless called to it by the magistrate, and not only the grosser oaths but the lesser: And not only oaths but imprecations, earnest and deep protestations: As you have the commendable example of good men to justify a solemn oath before a magistrate, so you have the precept of our Saviour forbidding is otherwise.

10. Avoid scoffing, and bitter, and biting jeering, and jesting, especially at the condition, credit, deformity, or natural defects of any person, for these leave a deep impression and are most apparent injustice; for, were you so used, you would take it inwardly and amiss, and many times such an injury costs a man dear, when he little thinks of it.

11. Be very careful, that you

give no reproachful, bitter, menacing, or spiteful words to any person, nay not to servants or other persons of an inferior condition, and that upon these considerations: 1. There is not the meanest person but you may stand in need of him in one kind, or at some time or another: Good words make friends, bad words make enemies; it is the best prudence in the world to make as many friends as honestly you can, especially when it may be done at so easy rate as a good word; and it is the greatest folly that can be, to make an enemy by ill words, which do not at all any good to the party that useth them: 2. Ill words provoke ill words again, and commonly such ill words as are gained by such a provocation, especially of an inferior, stick closer, and wound deeper, than such as come unprovoked by ill language, or from an equal: 3. Where faults are committed they may, and by a superior must be reprov'd, but let it be done without reproaches, or bitterness, otherwise it loseth its due end and use, and instead of reforming the offence, exasperates the offender, and makes him worse, and gives him the cudgel to strike again, because it discovers your own weakness when you are reprehending another, and lays you justly open to his reproof, and makes your own but scorned and disesteemed: I press this the rather, because most ordinarily ill language is the folly of children, and of weak and passionate people.

12. If there be occasion for you to speak in any company, always be careful if you speak at all, to speak latest, especially if strangers are in company, for by this means you will have the advantage of knowing the sense, judgment, temper, and relations of others, which may

may be a great light and help to you in ordering your speech, and you will better know the inclination of the company, and speak with more advantage and acceptance, and with more security against giving offence.

13. Be careful that you commend not yourselves, it is the most unuseful and ungrateful thing that can be: You should avoid flattery from others, but especially decline flattering of yourselves, it is a sign your reputation is small and sinking, if your own tongues must be your flatterers, or commenders, and it is a fulsome and unpleasing thing for others to hear it.

14. Abhor all foul, unclean and obscene speeches, it is a sign that the heart is corrupt, and such kind

of speeches will make it worse, it will taint and corrupt yourselves and those that hear it, and brings disreputation to those that use it.

15. Never use any profane speeches, nor make jests of scripture expressions; when you use the names of God or Christ, or any passages or words of the holy scripture, use them with reverence and seriousness, and not lightly or scurrilously, for it is a taking of the name of God in vain.

16. If you hear of any unseemly expressions used in religious exercises, you must be careful to forget and not to publish them, or if you at all mention them, let it be with pity and sorrow, not with derision or reproach.

(To be concluded.)



FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The G L E A N E R. No. XXI.

*Leaning on morals, when the Drama moves,
As Virtue points, when she the goal approves,
Lessons adopting form'd to mend the heart,
Truths meliorated potent to impart;
Then the bright Goddess wisdom will embrace,
And all her flowery paths, with joy sublime, will trace.*

THE various parterres, now putting forth their promising buds, in many sections, in this our country, looks with a very favorable aspect upon a man of my profession, and I cannot but hope, that in my occupation of Gleaner, I shall be able to cull many a pretty flower, wherewith to compose a bouquet, that may throw an agreeable perfume over the leisure hours of the sentimental speculator. To *express myself less technically*. The progress of the Drama, in this new world, must assuredly interest the feelings of every observer: And, being under the pleasing necessity, in the routine of my excursions, of

visiting many parts of the United States, and thus having frequent opportunities, of presenting myself in our several theatres, from the elegant house in Philadelphia, to the temporary resorts of itinerant companies, in those little country towns, which will invariably copy the examples that they receive from the metropolis, in the course of my perambulations, I naturally pick up many observations, that may possibly serve for the amusement of my readers. The great question which does, and *ought* to occupy the mind of every patriotic moralist, is the utility of licensed stage playing; perhaps I may as well

well withdraw the word *licensed*, for in the present enlightened era, and administration of liberty, the citizen would hardly consent to an abridgment of those amusements, the evil tendency of which could not be pretty unequivocally demonstrated to his understanding. The late struggle, in the State of Massachusetts, evinces the futility of erecting barriers, not substantiated by reason.

The law in that State was outraged in its very face—the flimsy subterfuge of *moral lectures* deceived no one, and though, as I am informed, the theatrical prohibition is but *partially repealed respecting the Bostonians*, and remains in full force upon the rest of the State, yet it is notorious, that itinerant players, are constantly marching, and counter marching, from town to town, to the no small diversion of the good people of this our sister state. But, without presuming to intermeddle with the policy of the legislature, my design is to hazard a few remarks upon the subject in general.

As I abhor the domination of prejudice, and, upon the strongest conviction, regard it as a tyrant, that if once brought to the guillotine, would, *provided it is not of the hydra kind*, leave an opening for the introduction of an era far more friendly to the progress of *genuine and corrected liberty*, than the murder of all the *humane, virtuous, and religious princes in the universe*, so I most sincerely deprecate its despotism, and whenever I seat myself, with the pen of inquiry, I am solicitous to raise a rebellion against encroachments, that however sanctioned by time, cannot, in my opinion, be considered in a court of equity, as legal or natural. The objections to theatrical amusements are many, and plausible. I pre-

tend not to decide for others; I would only investigate. If I mistake not, waste of time, imprudent expenditures, encouragement of idleness, and relaxation of morals, stand foremost in the catalogue of objections; prodigality of time is indeed an irremediable evil, and if it can be proved that an hour devoted to the theatre, would certainly have been appropriated to any beneficial employment, for which no moment of leisure will in future present, I, for one, shall be impelled to allow the validity of the allegation, and, I do hereby invest such plea, with full authority, to detain every such person from all dramatical representations whatever; but, with the same breath I contend, that those evenings which are immolated at the shrine of Bacchus, which are loitered in a tavern, in unnecessary gossiping, cards, scandal, and the numerous vagaries of fashion, will be *comparatively redeemed*, if marked by an entertainment, so incontrovertibly rational. The complaint of exorbitant expenditures, is of a similar description. A friend of mine who resided for some time abroad, once informed me, that he had frequently been stopped, when in full career to the play house, by a consideration that the indulgence he was about to procure himself, would provide some tearful sufferer in bread, for at least one whole week. Now all such persons, provided they can make it appear, that they are not in the use of any, *as expensive, and more superfluous gratification*, shall be released, upon their parole given, that they will absolutely, and bona fide, employ their six shillings to the aforesaid purpose. To the third objection I cannot allow the smallest weight: Who, I would ask, are the idlers? Perhaps there

is no mode of life which requires more assiduous application, than that of a *good and consistent* actor. His days are, almost unceasingly, devoted to study. By frequent repetitions, such is the constitution of the mind, the finest sentiments too often pall. He is in danger of losing his zest for the highest mental enjoyments, and the entertainment which he produces, is the result of unremitted and painful labour to himself. School exercises are certainly not the most pleasurable employments of adolescence; and every adult can tell, how much more easily he could imprint the memory of his early years, than that retention which is the accompaniment of his matured life: and why those characters, who are solicitous to blend entertainment with improvement; who professedly pursue, in those walks, the means of living; whose manners, and whose morals are unblemished, and who take rank with our citizens, should be so lightly esteemed, while the advocate who receives our money for his pleadings, the Esculapian who pockets his fee, and the gentleman who harangues from the desk, for the avowed purpose of supporting their several families, are, perhaps justly, regarded as the most respectable orders in the commonwealth; I must leave it to custom to determine. I am aware that our estates, our health, and the momentous concerns of futurity, are considerations abundantly more dignified, than the adventitious engagements of an hour. I respect the gentlemen of the bar, the humane physician is entitled to my gratitude, and a consistent clergyman possesses my veneration: But, besides that, a *virtuous theatre* will have its share in regulating the morals and the manners of the

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populace. Viewing its performers as engaged *merely* to procure us a *rational entertainment*, they are certainly entitled to a *degree of genuine respect*, and to our most benignant countenance. The question relative to morals naturally presents itself here. What doth the stage but exemplify the lessons which the ethic preacher labours to inculcate? I take it for granted that none but a virtuous and well regulated theatre will be tolerated. In the southern, and middle states, Philadelphia particularly, no performance can make its appearance upon the stage, without passing under the previous examination of the scrutinizing eye of the Governor, and two other respectable magistrates, who by their avowed approbation become responsible to the public for the merit of the piece. Similar restrictions will perhaps be adopted wherever the drama shall progress, and my confidence in the trustees of the Boston theatre, together with the amiable character of the manager, represents to my view every apprehension, not only as superfluous, but absolutely injurious. Virtue then will be adorned with all her native loveliness, and vice exhibited, deformed, and misshapen, as that detested hag, which Milton's energetic pen hath so hideously pourtrayed. Is there a bosom that will not hasten to embrace the one? Is there a mind that will not shrink with horror from the other? The man of firmness, of principle, and of worth innate; the mild, the consistent, the regular, the maternal fair one, these shall be rewarded with bursts of heartfelt applause; while the imbecile, or irresolute votary of error, the unprincipled betrayer, the fraudulent villain, the licentious, perverse, and abandoned female; these *characters* shall

be

be stigmatized with reproach, exhibited in their native atrocity, and set up as beacons to deter our young people from pursuing a path, which will render them odious to every proper, virtuous, and laudable sentiment. Socrates, Cicero, and even Cato, have mingled with the audience in a theatre; and as it is presumed that the buffoonery of an Aristophanes, will not be tolerated upon an American stage, it is pleasingly believed, that the dignity of years, of wisdom, and of virtue, will, in no instance, be outraged by the children of the drama. The Pompeys of our day, it is to be hoped, will learn many a useful lesson. In the school of the rights of man they will commence students; and becoming proficient in the laws of equity, and of nature, like the Roman General, they will retire from the theatre, converts to the virtuous and impartial designations of equality. Religious worship, it is said, gave birth to the drama, and under proper regulations it may still conduce to acts of devotional piety. To Athens, and to Rome, it became a source of information, refined perception, and genuine morality; and we have only to avoid the causes which finally produced its degeneracy in the elder world, to continue it among us, an excellent exemplar, and preservative of rectitude in these states. The theatre opens a wide field for literary exertions; and we anticipate a rich harvest of intellectual pleasure and improvement. The sons and daughters of fancy, the sentimentalists, and the moralists, these will engage in the benignant competition. They will consider that their productions are not intended barely for the amusement of a solitary hour; that the drama, pointing to every excellence, will im-

print upon the heart the sentiment of worth; that it may be in their power to fashion, and to lead, a *national taste*; that by exalting virtue, and adorning religion, rendering vice disgusting, and stigmatizing infidelity, they will most effectually second the endeavours of that revered body, which is professedly engaged to beautify morality, and elevate religion. We trust that a spirit of *laudable emulation* will be excited; the summit of fame in brightening perspective uprears its wreath crowned head; writers will be animated to the splendid career, and with glowing ardour, to the desired goal they will hasten forward. How delightful the employ! The bosom while engaged in painting the native charms of genuine and philanthropic religion, catching the fervours of divine inspiration, will necessarily become meliorated by the description that it prepares. Rectitude, adorned by her sister graces, heaven born contentment, consequent felicity, and ever blooming joy, will captivate every beholder. Economy, attired by her handmaid competence, with serene tranquillity, presenting to view the peace reflecting mirror, will not fail of reclaiming from the paths of profligacy; the most dissipated wanderer, and frugality, regularity, and equity, will remain prevalent in the mind. Nor will the exhibition of vice be unattended with its salutary effects. Conviction will be pointed to the bosom of the aggressor; the deformity of atrocious offences, striking by illustrating examples, will present the disgusting figure, which the conscious culprit will assuredly recognize, and the probability is, that abhorrence and reformation will ensue. Shakespeare, that penetrating observer, skilful investigator, and indisputable judge of the human

human heart, makes his Hamlet say, "*I've heard, that guilty creatures, at a play, have by the very cunning of the scene, been struck so to the soul, that presently they have proclaimed their malefactions. I'll have these players play something like the murder of my father, before my uncle.*" And again: "The play's the thing, wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king." If the stated objections may be considered as obviated, I conceive that many attendant advantages will indisputably result from a chaste, and discreetly regulated theatre. Young persons will acquire a refinement of taste and manners; they will learn to think, act, and speak with propriety; a thirst for knowledge will be originated, and from attentions, at first perhaps constituting only the amusement of the hour, they will gradually proceed to more important inquiries.

The daughter of a gentleman whom I highly respect, whose education hath been upon the very best plan, continued nevertheless, for the first twenty years of her life, without manifesting the smallest literary curiosity. It was impossible to interest her, even in the pages of a novel; and what ever she learned, was more the result of a natural conceding disposition, than of voluntary application. A company of itinerant players visited her native village; the night of exhibition was announced, every body, as they phrased it, was going; but Miss Clarinda could not be animated to a wish for the entertainment; her accustomed complacency of disposition yielded her, however, the companion of her associates; the piece was interesting, it forcibly seized her faculties; it possessed, to *her mind*, in every sense, the charms of novelty;

for the world she would not be absent upon any future occasion. In the course of the day preceding a theatrical entertainment, that she might the better comprehend the several parts, the play book was in her hand, a laudable spirit of inquiry obtained in her bosom, and with amazing rapidity she ran through, and compassed the sense of every volume within her reach. History, geography, astronomy, in all these, her proficiency is prodigious; and, in one word, I hardly know a better informed, or more amiable young woman, in the circle of my acquaintance. But Clarinda Meanwell is not a solitary instance; and as I have very frequently observed the good effects of dramatical representations, I trust that my readers are enough acquainted with a heart, the feelings of which I have, upon various occasions, essayed to sketch, to give me full *credit*, for that throb of deepfelt complacency, which I experienced upon receiving information of the elegant and superb theatre, which hath so recently been erected for the reception of the drama, in the state of Massachusetts. It will not, I conceive, be matter of surprise, that I should be industrious, so to arrange the momentous concerns of business, as to render it both convenient, and profitable for my affairs, to present myself in the theatre upon the first drawing up of the curtain. And here, gentle reader, I would, with all my soul, gratify thee by a full, and complete description of this well built, and beautifully decorated mansion of the muses; but being obliged to leave Boston early, on the ensuing morning after the exhibition, it is impossible that my account should be accurate; and as I write for posterity, I would not willingly leave

leave a single pillar, capital, architrave, entablature, or cornice, unnoted : future opportunities may present, and if I am not forestalled, a future Gleaner may delineate the building. My brother Russell hath already informed thee, that "the house was filled from the lowest note, to the top of the compass;" and his observations upon the audience will be recognised by truth. The long expected era arrived ; it was indeed replete with expectation—the interposing veil was thrown back, and that pleasing actor, whose eulogy hath been so frequently pronounced, made his entrance amid the most unequivocal demonstrations of satisfaction which a sensible, anticipating, and admiring assembly could exhibit. The effects of a reception, which must have been every way adequate to his wishes, were pleasingly evinced, by a susceptibility honorary to the manly character ; and the prologue then first vibrated upon the public ear, with every advantage, which that truly classical performance so indisputably merits. That this prefatory address, is a genuine prologue, notwithstanding every objection which hath been advanced, I take leave to affirm. What can so properly be constituted the harbinger of a dramatic performance, as a succinct account of that drama it is intended to introduce ?—what so natural for a general dedication of a theatre, as a delineation of the progress of the art, to which it is consecrated ? If variety, and richness of imagery, classical allusions, sound morality, nervous expressions, beauty of diction, and much information, constitute a first rate poem, the prologue is certainly invested with the fairest pretensions to the honorary palm. To point out all its beauties, it

would be necessary to insert the composition entire ; yet I cannot forbear repeating the following beautifully figurative lines :

"Warm to the heart the chymic fiction stole,

"And purg'd, by moral alchymy, the foul."

And again,

"The globe's proud butcher grew humanely brave ; [hush'd his wave."

"Earth staunch'd her wounds, and Ocean

The allusion to the general deluge is strikingly and inimitably beautiful. The poet was most happy in this thought : I think I have not seen it surpassed ; and I question if the Shakespearian panegyrists have ever yet done that immortal bard more ample justice, than he hath received in these finely expressed lines :

"But hark ! her mighty rival sweeps the strings : [pearce sings !

"Sweet Avon, slow not ! 'tis thy Shakes-

"With Blanchard's wing, in Fancy's heaven he soars ; [explores !

"With Herschell's eye, another world

"Taught by the tones of his melodious song, [ous tongue ;

"The scenic muses tun'd their barbar-

"With subtle pow'rs the crudest soul refin'd, [mind.

"And warm'd the Zembla of the frozen

"The world's new Queen, Augusta, own'd their charms, [tish arms."

"And clasp'd the Grecian nymphs in Bri-

I have a strong propensity to go on transcribing ; but, full many a time, hath the recollection of the stinted pages of a magazine, damp'd the most fervid wishes of my soul. Mr. Paine hath certainly done himself great honour ; and I congratulate my country on the possession of a genius, which in the very morn of manhood, hath boldly snatched the golden fruit of maturity. Mr. Paine must doubtless feel himself much exhilarated, as he contemplates the well earned *guerdon* of superior talents ; yet I dare say that he will wear his honours with

with becoming meekness; and when it is remembered, that Sophocles, the illustrious ornament and patron of the Grecian drama, absolutely died of joy, upon obtaining from his competitors, the prize of merit, adjudged him for one of his tragedies, our youthful bard will be tolerated in a considerable expansion of pleasurable feelings. The play was admirably chosen; it is a time honoured piece; but it contains many sentiments, which can never reverberate upon the ear of sensibility, without speaking to the finest feelings of the soul. In the very first scene, in the first act, our attention is forcibly arrested, and we cannot avoid taking the deepest interest in the disguised hero, although immured in the mines of Dalecarlia; and while "*stretch'd there, where reigns eternal night, the flint his pillow, and cold damps his coverings; yet we behold him bold of spirit, and robust of limb, throwing inalemcency aside, superior to the lot of human frailty.*" With Anderson, spontaneously, "*we breathe the voice of virtue, of cordial amity, from man to man, and that benignity that whispers to the soul, to seek, and cheer the sufferer.*"

The sentiments of Anderson, of Arnoldus, and of Gustavus, are the very soul of valour, benevolence, patriotism, and every shining virtue. The subsequent discovery, the entrance of Arvida—the tenderness, the amity of heroes is personified, and we experience an exquisite satisfaction, in yielding our applause to those Dalecarlians, of whom Gustavus says, "*I've search'd these men, and find them like the soil, barren without, and to the eye unlovely, but they've their mines within them; and this the day I mean to prove them.*" The character of Cristiern is a complete exemplification of

what ever is detestable in a tyrant—perhaps no language can more concisely group the traits, which go to the composition of the insufferable despot, than the following: "*Wretches! Shall I go poring on the earth, lest my imperial foot should tread on emmets?*" The trial of Arvida is admirably conceived: it was an ordeal adequate to the warrior, the lover, and the friend. In the struggles which lacerate his manly bosom, we take a deep and affecting part, and every feeling of benevolence would invest him with that honied balm, which he so well describes—"*Yes, peace has sweets that Hybla never knew: It sleeps on down, cull'd gently from beneath the Cherub's wing; no bed for mortals—Man is warfare—all—a hurricane within.*" Christina's description of Gustavus, is the breathings of virgin purity, and it cannot fail of captivating the bosom of virtue—"*But, O Heaven, what then was my amazement! He was chain'd, was chain'd, my Mariana! Like the robes of coronation, worn by youthful kings, he drew his shackles. The Herculean nerve brac'd his young arm; and, soft'en'd in his cheek, liv'd more than woman sweetness! Then his eyes! his mein! his native dignity! He look'd as though he led captivity in chains, and all were slaves around.*" When to the portrait, drawn by love, and fancy, we add the finishing touches of the veteran foldier, we shall not hesitate to do homage to a model so perfect: "*Fear fled before, behind him rout grew loud, and distant wonder gazed—At length he turn'd, and having ey'd me with a wond'rous look of sweetness mix'd with glory—grace inestimable! he pluck'd this bracelet from his conqu'ring arm, and bound it here—my wrist seem'd trebly nerv'd; my heart spoke to him, and I did such deeds as best might thank him—but from that bless'd day I never saw him*
more—

more—yet still to this I bow, as to the relics of my saint: Each morn I drop a tear on every bead, count all the glories of Gustavus o'er, and think I still behold him." These animated, and combining testimonials, prepare us to hear the illustrious chief himself, and he arrests, from every sentiment of the soul, the full tide of approbation. "Approach, my fellow soldiers, your Gustavus claims no precedence here; friendship like mine throws all respect behind it—'Tis enough—I read your joys, your transports in your eyes; and wou'd, O, wou'd I had a life to spend for every soldier here! whose every life's far dearer than my own; dearer than aught, except your liberty, except your honour." But it is not enough that Gustavus is the finished patriot, and undaunted warrior; the milder virtues too are natal in his bosom—Suspicion cannot take root in a soil so noble. "If thou hast aught to urge against Arvida, the man of virtue, tell it not the wind, lest slander catch the sound, and guilt should triumph." The interview between the matchless friends, is uncommonly high wrought, and supported too, upon the best principles. Unlike our modern votaries of an illusion, which they blasphemously term honour. Gustavus, innately elevated, esteems it no diminution of his glory, to develop a mystery, which was on the point of precipitating his Arvida into irretrievable ruin. How doth the explanation dignify the hero, and how generously pathetic is his defence of the beguiled chief: "Unhappy man! my heart bleeds for thee: false I had surely been, had I like thee been tempted." But the self reproach which had planted all its daggers in the bosom of Arvida, proclaims him the proper object of a hero's confidence, and we most sincerely join issue in his conclusion:

"Pardon can expiate, it is the let-bean sweet, the snow of heaven, new blanching o'er the black'ning front of guilt, that to the eye of mercy, all appears, fair as the unwritten page." To the bosom of filial piety, the apology of Cristina is a necessary and timely relief: "Had I to death or bondage, sold my fire, or had Gustavus on our native realms made hostile inroad! then, my Mariana! had I then sav'd him from the stroke of justice, I should not cease my suit for pardon. But if, though in a foe, to reverence virtue, withstand oppression, rescue injured innocence, step boldly in betwixt my fire and guilt, and save my king, my father from dishonour; if this be sin, I have shook hands with penitence. First perish crowns, dominion, all the shine and transience, of this world, ere guilt shall serve to buy the vain incumbrance."—"The address of Augusta to the kneeling beauty is beyond expression charming: "Ha! who art thou, that looks so like the habitants of heaven, like mercy sent upon the morning's blush, to glad the heart, and cheer a gloomy world with light till now unknown?" Upon the ear, hallowed by the dulcet voice of the Saviour of sinners, the following sentiment must harmoniously vibrate: "Soft, and sweet, as looks of charity, or voice of lambs that bleat upon the morning, are the words of christian meekness! mission all divine—the law of love, soul mandate." Thus spake the man who "from the breast, from out the swathing bands, step'd the true child of honour." The scene between Gustavus, and the venerable matron to whom he owed his being, together with the tender fears of that soul affecting bud of innocence, his infant sister, is almost too much for the feelings of humanity; and the sensations of my bosom, spontaneous, thanked the judicious manager, who expunged the whole scene of the lifeless bodies, the bier, &c. The heart of susceptibility is sufficiently wrung, while

while listening to the agonized chief: "Then she's gone—Arvida! Anderson! forever gone!—Arnoldus, friends, where are ye? Help here, heave, heave this mountain from me—O—heaven keep my senses! so we will to battle; but let no banners wave; be still thou trump! and every martial sound that gives the war to pomp or levity; for vengeance now is clad, with heavy arms, sedately stern, resolv'd, but silent." I confess that I am happy to find the princess of Denmark again in the path of duty: What justness of sentiment—"Patience and peace possess thy mind; not all the pride of empire e'er gave such blest sensations, as one, one hour of penitence, though painful; let us hence, far from the blood and bustle of ambition. Be it my task to watch thy rising wish, to smooth thy brow, find comfort for thy cares, and for thy will, obedience; still to cheer the day with smiles, and lay thee nightly down beneath thy slumbers." Gustavus, the victorious Gustavus, is still the same as in the mines of Dalecarlia. "No, matchless men! my brothers of the war, be it my greatest glory to have mix'd my arms with yours, and to have fought for once like to a Dalecarlian; like to you. The fires of honour, of a new born fame, to be transmitted from your great memorial, to climes unknown, to age succeeding age, till time shall verge upon eternity, and patriots be no more". And again, "Fear not, the fence of virtue is a chief's best caution; and the firm surety of my peoples' hearts is all the guard that e'er shall wait Gustavus. I am a soldier; from my youth, yet Anderson, these wars, where man must wound himself in man, have somewhat shocking in them; trust me, friend, except in such a cause as this day's quarrel, I would not shed a single wretch's blood for the world's empire."

The royal maid too, appears still consistent, still equal with herself, when "pleading for a father, for a

dear, much lov'd, if cruel, yet unhappy father." But far surpassing all that is excellent, she bursts upon us with more than mortal glory, when with all the dignity of sex, we mark—to the lov'd, victorious, supplicating chief, her incomparable reply—"Now aid me all ye chaster powers that guard a woman's weakness!—'tis resolv'd—thy own example charms thy suit to silence. Nor think alone to bear the palm of virtue.—Thou who hast taught the world, when duty calls, to throw the bar of every wish behind them. Exalted in that thought, like thee I rise, while every lessening passion sinks beneath me. Adieu, adieu, most honoured, first of men! I go, I part, I fly, but to deserve thee." And again, in return to the hero's remonstrance—"The bond of virtue, friendship's sacred tie, the lover's pains, and all the sister's fondness, mine has the flame of every love within it. But I've a father, guilty if he be, yet is he old; if cruel, yet a father. Abandon'd now by every supple wretch that fed his years with flattery. I'm all that's left to calm, to soothe his troubled soul, to penitence, to virtue; and perhaps restore the better empire o'er his mind, true seat of all dominion—Yet, Gustavus, yet there are mightier reasons—O farewell! had I ne'er lov'd, I might have staid with honour."—This finishing of the character of Cristina, is unexpected, and, in my opinion, completes the beauty and symmetry of the performance. It is impossible to give language to my feelings, while an attendant upon the representation of this masterly composition. The lofty grandeur of the house, the surrounding lights, the brilliant audience, so strikingly contrasting the stage scene—where, in the first appearance, was exhibited the country of Dalecarlia, the succeeding views, the tents in perspective far outstretch'd,

ed, the hardy veterans, in martial order, passing in review, &c. &c. The amateurs of the fine arts were furnished with an ample field for all the enthusiasm of their admiration. The distant country of the admired chief seemed in reality extended; and, for myself, I am free to own, that as I glanced my eye from the stage to the throng of respectable citizens, occupying the pit, boxes, and galleries; as I observed the marked attention in the *never deceptive eye*, the solemn stillness, the tender tear upon the cheek of beauty, yea, and the humid eye of manhood too; the alternate bursts of applause, betokening *congenial* virtues—as I witnessed all this, the agitation of my bosom became well near ungovernable. Upon the performers, perhaps I ought not to hazard a remark. As an American, *comparatively* new to observations of this nature, I cannot be supposed competent to judge; yet so complete was my satisfaction, that I did not hear without pain, that many individuals expressed displeasure; and I can only account for this, by a supposition that their expectations were so high raised, that it was not in humanity to fulfil them. Surely it ought to be remembered, that the plant, however luxuriant, doth not immediately continue its pristine vigour, upon being transplanted to a foreign soil; and candour hath already observed, that the prohibited play, then first arresting their attention, could not, in a moment, obtain in their representation, the perfection of maturity.—I think it must be acknowledged, that Mr. Powell in the character of Cristiern, inspired all those abhorrent feelings, which the poet intended to originate. Mr. Jones supported, with admirable skill, the part of Trollio. Mr. Collins, as

the Swedish priest, presented a most agreeable relief to the mind, by so finely contrasting the treachery and baleful talents of the infamous bishop; and, I am free to own, that the pleasing figure, melodious voice, and benign countenance of this gentleman, exactly answer my idea of a herald of genuine religion. Gratitude and faithfulness in the character of Laertes, were persuasively delineated by Mr. Jones. Young Mr. Powell seemed indeed Arvida. Anderson and Sivard, were also present before me. Of Mr. Nelson and Mr. Kenny, I lost all idea. Gustavus shone upon us, enriched with native splendor; by his representative, the lustre of his character was, in my eye, in no sort diminished. Indeed it must be owned, that a manly figure, expressive gestures, commanding features, and a sonorous voice, are among the qualifications which designate Mr. Baker.—In the female parts, the beauty and propriety of filial piety, the captivating magic of the tender passion, the dignity of the princess and the woman, were strikingly exemplified by Miss Harrison; her voice was musical, and her gestures naturally expressive. The Spartan virtues personified in Augusta, entwining all the tenderness of maternal fondness, glowed in the dignified and deeply affecting action of Mrs. Baker; and I dare pronounce, that there was not a sympathizing mother present, whose bosom did not throb, to snatch from the envenomed talons of the fell destroyer, the young Gustava. Mrs. Jones was another Mariana, and we were almost induced to envy her the place, which she seemed to occupy in the confidence of the royal virgin.

To the comic powers exhibited upon that evening, ample justice was done; unequivocal demonstra-

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tions of applause resounded from every corner of the house, and, for my part, I congratulate the sons of Momus with all my heart; for, having never yet been able to conceive the smallest evil in laughter, simply considered, I cannot but give my vote in favour of *corrected mirth*. Mrs. Collins, Miss Baker, &c. &c. these have all received the tributary laurel; and I do not feel in the least disposed to enter my caveat upon this occasion.

The Gleaner confesses that his expectations were more than answered; but the Gleaner hath never witnessed the theatrical abilities of a Garrick, or a Siddons; nor is he certain that he ought to regard this as a misfortune. It is always invidious to point out faults, at least it is to me an unpleasing task. From an infant stage I look for improvement. The time will ar-

rive when the performers will *in no instance* "O'erstep the modesty of Nature." Even tragedy may deal too much in starts: It should be energetic; it should be pathetic;—but the pompous swell and strut, makes no part of its excellence. Ease and elegance should be the naivetté of Comedy. The performers will think *more* of the audience, and they will, by consequence, *appear* to think *less*—in other words, they will *seem* to forget the circles that attend them. *Their frequent appeals by eye and hand to the audience*, will gradually subside; and, through the whole of the representation, they will see the propriety of addressing the person, or persons, to whom they are supposed particularly to speak.—In one word—The audience will refine the players, and the players will refine the audience.

DETAIL of the BRITISH EXPEDITION to LEXINGTON and CONCORD, in 1775.

(Concluded from the 7th page of our last.)

HAVING thus *vanquished* the party in Lexington, the troops marched on for Concord, to execute their orders, in destroying the stores belonging to the colony, deposited there.—They met with no interruption in their march to Concord:—But by some means or other, the people of Concord had notice of their approach and designs, and were alarmed about break of day; and collecting as soon, and as many as possible, improved the time they had before the troops came upon them, to the best advantage, both for concealing and securing as many of the public stores as they could, and in preparing for defence.—By the stop of the troops at Lexington,

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many thousands were saved to the colony, and they were, in a great measure, frustrated in their design.

When the troops made their approach to the easterly part of the town, the provincials of Concord and some neighbouring towns, were collected and collecting in an advantageous post, on a hill, a little distance from the *meeting house*, north of the road, to the number of about 150, or 200: But finding the troops to be more than three times as many, they wisely retreated, first to a hill about 80 rods further north, and then over the north bridge (so called) about a mile from the town; and there they waited the coming of the militia

militia of the towns adjacent, to their assistance.

In the mean time, the British detachment marched into the centre of the town. A party of about 200, was ordered to take possession of the bridge, other parties were dispatched to various parts of the town, in search of public stores, while the remainder were employed in seizing and destroying, whatever they could find in the town-house, and other places, where stores had been lodged. But before they had accomplished their design, they were interrupted by a discharge of arms, at the bridge.

It seems, that of the party above mentioned, as ordered to take possession of the bridge, one half were marched on about two miles, in search of stores, at Col. Barret's and that part of the town : While the other half, consisting of towards 100 men, under Capt. Lawrie, were left to guard the bridge. The provincials, who were in sight of the bridge, observing the troops attempting to take up the planks of the bridge, thought it necessary to dislodge them, and gain possession of the bridge. They accordingly marched, but with express orders not to fire, unless first fired upon by the King's troops. Upon their approach towards the bridge, Capt. Lawrie's party fired upon them, killed Capt. Davis and another man dead upon the spot, and wounded several others. Upon this our militia rushed on, with a spirit becoming free born Americans, returned the fire upon the enemy, killed two, wounded several, and drove them from the bridge, and pursued them towards the town, until they were covered by a reinforcement from the main body. The provincials then took post on a hill, at some distance, north of

the town : And as their numbers were continually increasing, they were preparing to give the troops a proper discharge, on their departure from the town.

In the mean time, the King's troops collected ; and having dressed their wounded, destroyed what stores they could find, and insulted and plundered a number of the inhabitants, prepared for a retreat.

The Rev. Mr. Gordon says, " While at Concord, the troops disabled two 24 pounders ; destroyed their two carriages, and seven wheels for the same, with their limbers. Sixteen wheels for brass 3 pounders, and two carriages, with limber and wheels for two 4 pounders. They threw into the river, wells, &c. about 500 weight of ball, and stove about 60 barrels of flour ; but not having time to perfect their work, one half of the flour was afterwards saved."

The troops began a hasty retreat about the middle of the day ; and were no sooner out of town, but they began to meet the effects of the just resentments of this injured people. The provincials fired upon them from various quarters, and pursued them (though without any military order) with a firmness and intrepidity, beyond what could have been expected, on the first onset, and in such a day of confusion and distress !—The fire was returned, for a time, with great fury, by the troops as they retreated, though (through divine goodness) with but little execution.—This scene continued, with but little intermission, until they returned to Lexington ; when it was evident, that, having lost numbers in killed, wounded, and prisoners that fell into our hands, they began to be, not only fatigued, but greatly disheartened. And it is supposed they must soon have surrendered

rendered at discretion, had they not been reinforced.—But lord Piercy's arrival with another brigade, of about 1000 men, and two field pieces, about half a mile from Lexington meeting house, towards Cambridge, gave them a seasonable respite.

The coming of the reinforcement, with the cannon (which our people were not so well acquainted with then, as they have been since) put the provincials also to a pause, for a time.—But no sooner were the King's troops in motion, but our men renewed the pursuit with equal, and even greater ardour and intrepidity than before, and the firing on both sides continued, with but little intermission, to the close of the day, when the troops entered Charlestown, where the provincials could not follow them, without exposing the worthy inhabitants of that truly patriotic town, to their rage and revenge.—That night, and the next day, they were conveyed in boats, over Charles' River to Boston, glad to secure themselves, under the cover of the shipping, and by strengthening and perfecting the fortifications, at every part, against the further attacks of a justly incensed people, who, upon intelligence of the murderous transactions of this fatal day, were collecting in arms, round the town, in great numbers, and from every quarter.

In the retreat of the King's troops from Concord to Lexington, they ravaged and plundered, as they had opportunity, more or less, in most of the houses that were upon the road.—But after they were joined by Piercy's brigade, in Lexington, it seemed as if all the little remains

of humanity had left them; and rage and revenge had taken the reins, and knew no bounds!—Clothing, furniture, provisions, goods, plundered, broken, carried off, or destroyed!—Buildings (especially dwelling houses) abused, defaced, battered, shattered, and almost ruined!—And, as if this had not been enough, numbers of them doomed to the flames!—Three dwelling houses, two shops, and a barn, were laid in ashes in Lexington!*—Many others were set on fire, in this town, in Cambridge, &c. and must have shared the same fate, had not the close pursuit of the provincials prevented, and the flames been seasonably quenched!—Add to all this; the unarmed, the aged, and infirm, who were unable to flee, are inhumanly stabbed and murdered in their habitations!—Yea, even women in child-bed, with their helpless babes in their arms, do not escape the horrid alternative, of being either cruelly murdered in their beds, burnt in their habitations, or turned into the streets to perish with cold, nakedness and distress!†—But I forbear—words are too insignificant to express the horrid barbarities of that distressing day!‡

Our loss, in the several actions of that day, was 49 killed, and 34 wounded, and 5 missing, who were taken prisoners, and have since been exchanged. The enemy lost, according to the best accounts, in killed, wounded, and missing, about 300.

As the war was thus began with savage cruelty, in the aggressors; so it has been carried on with the same temper and spirit, by the enemy in but too many instances. Witness the wanton cruelty, discovered

* Deacon Loring's house and barn, Mrs. Lydia Mullikin's house, and her son's shop, and Mr. Joshua Bond's house and shop.

† See dep. published by authority. ‡ "Quorum pars magna fui!"

in burning Charlestown, Norfolk, Falmouth, &c. But as events which have taken place since the ever memorable nineteenth of April,

1775, do not properly come within the compass of this narrative, they must be left for some abler pen to relate.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

QUASHARUGTANUG.

"Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain."

DREAMS in the days of antiquity were frequently the vehicles of important civil and religious information. The Jewish and many of the heathen nations paid a most implicit regard to their nocturnal reveries.

Whether it argues an illicit degree of credulity in this enlightened age, I will not decide; but, this I will assert, a very considerable number, of at least those in the humbler walks of life, most firmly believe, as Doctor Young has somewhere said,

"Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain."

To give the matter a sober and candid consideration; how shall we account for a person's *dreaming out a fact* without the least previous knowledge for a clue? For instance; what rational satisfactory solution can be given of a dream like this? That by the side of a particular rock of antique form, a little below the surface of the earth, tied up in a canvass bag, is to be found a large sum of money?—What being is it, that whispers such joyous tidings, during the moments of slumber, in the ears of here and there a favoured mortal?—I have been informed of a female, who dreamed agreeably to the just mentioned particulars. Whether her credulity were sufficient to heighten her expectations I did not learn; but, as the dream was circumstantially repeat-

ed the third time, she had the curiosity to visit the place, though considerably out of the direction of her wonted solitary walks. She came to the rock. The appearance of the circumjacent objects, although she had never been there before, impressed her mind exactly as in her vision. She was struck with astonishment!—As in her dream, so now she saw the leathern string, with which the canvass bag was tied, partly out of the ground!—Her philosophy forsook her, her courage failed. She left the treasure, went to a neighbouring house, and related her adventure. The man of the house laughed at her whimsical folly; but, while she was conversing with his family, he slept out, and presently after came in by a back way and went into an adjacent room.—On her return she repaired to the rock once more, but to her inexpressible sorrow found the earth removed. An additional and principal aggravation was, the impression which still remained, in one side of the hole, of the canvass bag replete with dollars.

I have not the happiness of an acquaintance with the female alluded to; but the sequel exhibits an instance equally remarkable, for the authenticity of which I can safely vouch.

A man with whom I have long been personally acquainted, and whose veracity was never doubted, has

has frequently told me that, in his younger days, he was at sea a certain time, and had a dream identically to the following purport.

He dreamed one night that on the south side of a thick swamp, which is about a hundred rods to the southeast of the meeting house, just in the edge of the bushes, under a loose white stone of conic form, was buried, at a very little depth in the earth, a canvass bag containing fifty pieces of silver in the ancient cob form. He then awoke, and recollecting his dream, considered it merely as an illusion of the imagination. He fell asleep, however, and had the same revelation. In short, the dream with its several circumstantial particulars was repeated the *third time*.—The *third* repetition of a dream, according to the talmudic tradition in the treatise, *Baraschoth Shemkat Hakkadosh de Onkelos*, is an infallible mark of the certainty of the thing revealed. Our dreamer soon after his return repaired to the revealed spot, and to his utter, but agreeable surprise,

found the *stone* of the same *size, colour, and shape*, and in the same *situation*, as he, without the remotest previous knowledge, had repeatedly dreamed. He took up the stone. Its weight was about ten pounds. He attempted to remove the intervening earth with his fingers; but the firm contexture formed by the roots of the bushes was an obstacle too great to surmount. He, therefore, went to a house, which was at a little distance from the monied spot, to get some proper utensil to dig up the treasure, for now he was absolutely persuaded of the truth of the whole, revealed in the nautic vision, having already had ocular demonstration of almost every particular. In five minutes he returned to the place as nearly as possible; but to his utter astonishment, inconsolable disappointment, and positive belief that money is ever secreted in the earth under the fiducial lock and key of enchantment, could never find the white conic stone from that day to this!

OLAPH.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

R E V I E W.

TRANSACTIONS of the AMERICAN ACADEMY of ARTS and SCIENCES.

(Continued from the 48th page of our last Magazine.)

An Account of a number of Medicinal Springs at Saratoga.

By DR. SAMUEL TENNY.

TH E S E Springs were unknown until about thirteen years before the date of this letter, Sep. 1st, 1793, except to the Mohawks, in whose country they are found: And it is the opinion of the ingenious writer, that they want only an introduction to the world, and some convenient houses for the boarding and lodging patients, to

render them, under the advice of judicious physicians, of very important service to the country. He gives a description of these wells, which "are ten in number, of which the extremes may be half a mile apart. They are situated about 14 miles N. W. of General Schuyler's seat at Saratoga, in a kind of bog meadow, a few rods wide, through which runs a pleasant brook of sweet water."

Having executed the first part of
his

his plan, viz. to give a description of the wells, their *situation, quantity of water, appearance of the waters*, (which is nearly the same in all, being of a light milk colour, though a little turbid in some of them, by the particles of common earth kept suspended in them by their perpetual agitation)—having mentioned the taste of them, as lively, pungent, and agreeable, though acid, saline, and not pleasant at first—the Dr. goes on to mention some experiments which he made on the waters; the result of which makes it obvious, “that these waters are essentially the same with the Acidulæ of Pyrmont, Seltzer, which have been so famous in Europe.” But he adds, that “notwithstanding these waters appear, by their chemical analysis, to be similar to the acidulous waters of Europe, they are probably much superior to them in their medicinal virtue. That they are much more strongly impregnated, particularly with fixed air, is evident. The large quantities of calcaeous substances found in these waters, must saturate much of it; yet so much remains unsaturated, as to give such a pungency to the water, that a quantity of it held in the mouth a few seconds, burns it like ardent spirits. It is likewise known, that these waters will burst any glass or earthen vessel, and force their way through any wooden cask, in which they are enclosed. This makes it impossible to transport them, in any considerable quantity, even to the smallest distance, unless part of their fixed air be previously discharged. If they remain exposed to the atmosphere, the whole will soon be separated, after which they become dead and vapid.”

The analysis of these waters gives the Dr. a reason “why there are

such stony substances around them; and he makes a conjecture concerning the cause of the rupture of the rocks near the upper well.” His remarks show penetration and solid judgment, but we cannot make further extracts from this part of the work, though these would gratify men of philosophical taste, because it is necessary, for the more extensive use and benefit of those who read our Review, that they be made acquainted with the history of some cures, or the effect of the waters upon those patients who were sent to the Springs.

The Dr. tells us “he sent at first about thirty in number. Their disorders were rheumatism, scorbutic complaints, &c. with which old regiments generally abound. They almost all returned personally relieved, particularly the rheumatic patients. Among those was one, whose case deserves a particular description. He was a man about twenty four years of age, of a slender habit, and delicate constitution. He had not been fit for duty much above half the time, for the two years he was in the regiment; and for five or six months had been troubled with scrofulous and pulmonary complaints, a pain in his breast, cough, and a slight hæmoptysis. At this time he had a hectic fever; and I suspected that he had tubercles forming in his lungs, which were about suppurating. I sent him to the Springs in the month of April. By drinking the acidulous water about a fortnight, his symptoms were so far removed, that he has enjoyed tolerable health, and has done his duty in the corps ever since, excepting that very lately he felt some returns of his old disorder, which were soon removed by drinking of the waters.

I had afterwards two patients whose

whose livers were greatly tumefied, indurated, and painful, by an obstinate jaundice; on which the common deobstruents had little or no effect. They were perfectly cured by these waters.

A girl, belonging to Albany, in consequence of a fall on the ice, five years before, had seven or eight sores broke out on the whole length of her left thigh, which in time became ulcers. All the muscles of her thigh were useless; and her knee consequently destitute of any voluntary motion. Her leg was drawn backwards and fixed; her thigh was considerably enlarged, and in places very hard; the ulcers had a foul and angry appearance. After she had used the waters a fortnight, the swelling and induration were removed, her pains were much abated, her knee was more flexible, and her ulcers had assumed a more favourable appearance. I believe that so much could not be done towards a cure, in the same time, by the best medicines of the shops, ever so judiciously administered."

These cases are quoted for the benefit of people labouring under like disorders. And there are now persons in this town of Boston, and many in various parts of the country, who may be brought to confirm every thing which Dr. Tenny has said concerning the virtue of these *Medicinal Springs*.

III. *Conjectures of the natural causes of the N. W. Winds being colder and more frequent in the winter, in N. England, than in the same degree of latitude in Europe.*

By SAMUEL HALE, Esq. of Portsmouth, F. A. A.

IV. *An Account of Frogs, found in the earth.*

By SAMUEL HITCHCOCK.

V. *An estimate of the excess of the Heat and Cold of the American at-*

mosphere beyond the European, in the same parallel of latitude: To which are added some causes of this excess.

By EDWARD HOLYOKE, M. D. F. A. A.

This is a most curious and valuable paper—and written by a gentleman of the first literary abilities. Several American publications have been enriched with his *meteorological observations*. Such observations require much patience and accuracy; and are so useful, that a society has been established at Manheim, in Germany, for the express purpose of collecting them. Our American philosopher has not only paid attention to this subject, so as to get an estimate of heat and cold in this atmosphere, but with great sagacity has endeavoured to find out the cause of our extreme cold weather; which, among the numerous conjectures accounting for it, has not been mentioned. It is very evident that the cold in this country, exceeds the degrees of cold in other places under the same parallel of latitude. To account for this, some have mentioned the great "*lakes on our back settlements*, which expose a large surface of ice to the air." Others have supposed, "that our woods and thick swamps occasion the air to be much colder, by harbouring large quantities of air." To confirm this, several writers mention that the countries in Europe were once much colder than they are at present. Dr. Holyoke shews this to be a fact, but supposes a further cause for the woods and forests being instrumental in producing the cold of our winters. We shall give it in his own words.

"All vegetables, both in Europe and America, are continually supplying the atmosphere with pure air, and counteracting those phlogisticating processes, such as combustion, respiration, putrefaction, &c.

&c. which are continually going on in all parts. But there is this material difference between the two continents. In Europe, at the coming on of the frosty season, the leaves of all vegetables, on or near the earth's surface, languish; and if they do not die, yet most probably they perform their office of dephlogisticating the air, in a much more languid manner, than in summer; or are perhaps covered with snow, which while it continues on them, must effectually put a stop to this process; and as to the trees, their leaves for the most part drop off, and no more pure air is to be expected from them, until they are again renewed in the spring. But in America, although the leaves of all vegetables on the earth's surface are frozen and killed early in the winter, and the leaves of many of our trees fall off, and yield no more of this pure air, than the European trees, yet there is a constant and large supply of it, from those vast quantities of pine trees, firs, spruce, cedars, junipers, savins, hemlocks, and other evergreens, which retain their leaves through the extensive frosts, and which do greatly abound in our American woods, from the 30th to the 50th degree of N. latitude, a quantity sufficient, perhaps, to cover the 5th or 6th of the whole surface of the *Continent of Europe*.

That our evergreens do in fact yield, during the winter season, such a pure air, I have several times found by experiment."

The Dr. mentions his manner of making experiments, the result of which is, that America "is furnished with sources of dephlogisticated air, which are now exhausted in Europe; and that, therefore, most probably, its atmosphere is really more pure and dephlogisticated."

In a postscript to this paper of a

different date, the Dr. adds, that he has been confirmed in the idea "that our evergreens are, if not the cause of dephlogisticating the air, yet somehow the cause of increase of cold." The fact is, "*that frosts are commonly observed to appear much earlier every autumn, as well as later in the spring, in the neighbourhood of pines and other evergreen woods, than in other places, or than in the neighbourhood of other woods which drop their leaves in the winter.*"

To this paper is added a table of the greatest heat and cold, and of the mean of heat and cold, collected from observations of twenty years, collected in different cities of Europe, and at Salem, in N. America for seven years.

VII. *A letter on the Retreat of Swallows in winter.*

FROM REV. MR. PACKARD.

VIII. *A letter on the Retreat of Swallows, and the torpid state of certain Animals in winter.*

Some suppose swallows and other animals return to warmer climates during the winter. Others suppose they lie in a torpid state. These letters confirm the truth of the latter opinion. We remember another opinion suggested in a conversation between Mr. Boswell and the late Dr. Johnson, concerning woodcocks, and that such as are able to migrate flee away, but the weak are left and become torpid. The reason given is the small number found, compared with what might be expected if all remained: But in these accounts immense numbers are found really dead in the hollow trees: And in the mud they were as thick as one could lie by another, "which were only torpid, and revived by feeling a little warmth." Dr. Johnson, perhaps, would alter his opinion were he alive to hear this.

(To be concluded in the next Mag.)

CABINET



CABINET OF APOLLO.

To the Editors of the *Massachusetts Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,

If you deem the enclosed effusions worthy a place in your entertaining and instructive Museum, pray insert them in your February number—and oblige

A Subscriber.

To Miss WILLIAMS, on the perusal of her animating Letters in the Cause of Liberty.

S O N N E T.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS—peerless maid,
Alli'd to beaming Liberty,
Each patriot knee, shall bend to thee,
In virtue's robe, and truth's bright garb array'd.

Benignant goddess, hence we ken
Thee, high exalted o'er earth's regal thrones;
Blest Freedom's equal, who, with ardour owns

Her power excell'd by thy all magic pen.
Sweet is thy influence—yet it thrills—
And thenerv'd system vibrates as it runs;
Ah! now it burns—and now it chills—
Impedes each thought—and hurries them by turns.

Such is thy power, enchanting fair,
Where'er thou mov'st soft sympathy shall bloom;
Benevolence ambrosial fill the air,
And despotism find an early tomb.

HARK!—what strong numbers undulate the gale,
That, passing eastward with impetuous force,
Swell o'er the mountain—bend along the vale,
And sweep the western ocean in their course!

Columbia's Genius hails thee o'er the wave,
Oh quit, blest chantress, Europe's crime stain'd shore!

Feb. VI.

And wing thee, where fell discord reigns no more,

Nor Anarch's gorgon front appals the brave.

Here may'st thou fearless join the sylvan throng,

And, from the high arch of yon tow'ring mount,

(As erst from Heliconia's fount)

In rapt'rous numbers breathe the patriot song.

Here, the full clarion of immortal fame,
Through Freedom's dome shall sound thy deathless name,

Rank'd with the worthies of thy ancient race,

On Glory's record mark thy bright'ning place.

ESSEX.

To the EDITORS of the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

If the following merits—please to give it an insertion:—A friend in his letter, giving an account of the progress of the Boston Theatre, closes with the following *deserv'd*

P A N E G Y R I C.

THE bard of Boston strikes his golden harp,

And to the Thespian band attunes his lyre; [sharp,

From the low flat to the shrill founding
His numbers swell, and set the soul on fire.

Attending seraphs catch the genial strain,
And join in concert with the heavenly sound;

Which flows melodious from the words of Paine,

Who is, with just applause, the hero-crown'd.

Even Philenia—bowing—does adore

Bostonia's Shakespeare and Menander's verse; [shore,

Whose fame is echo'd round Columbia's
And whose performance Powell does rehearse.

11

If in his youthful days he thus appears,
And gains the medal, for which poets
strove;
What may we look for in advanced years?
A Church' in satire—and a Hamm' in
love.

S. Y.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

AH! why did EPIMETHEUS win the
fair,
Endow'd with every female, graceful
charm?
Why ope, with curious ken, the fatal
snare,
Where slept, in embryo, every human
harm?

Had curiosity her view restrain'd,
"REASON, each intellectual shoot would
form,"

But for the substance HOPE, the shade re-
main'd,
To guide each feeble bark thro' ev'ry
storm.

The friend-lorn pauper cherishes the joy,
That halcyon days will gild his setting
sun,
Expects to quaff pure streams without al-
loy,
And wear FAME's laurels, by his virtue
won.

The captive, as he adds another scrawl,
The sad memento of a wretched day;
Dwells on the hope, that this will finish all,
And cherishes the fond UTOPIA.

The fondling lover, tho' a frown may
freeze,

And CHLOE baffle with her every wile;
Will "freight each zephyr with a sigh"
to please,

And swear that life's panacea's a smile.

THE COUNTRY BOY.

Worcester, Jan. 1794.

To the EDITORS of the MASSACHUSETTS
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

By inserting the following, you will oblige a
Correspondent.

R E B U S.

THE youth for whom a thousand lass-
es sigh'd,
For whose all conquering charms fond
Ecno dy'd.
Who, when the liquid stream confess his
power,
Pin'd, from less passion! to his namesake
flower.

The god, whose fane is on PARNASSUS
rear'd,

Whose name is on Mount HELICON re-
ver'd,

The beverage HEBE once for gods pre-
par'd,

Until her rival GANYMEDE appear'd.

He at whose shrine, unrazor'd lips re-
hearse

The love swollen ditty, in a flood of verse.
The time of life when VENUS guides the
rein,

And rides triumphant o'er her vast do-
main.

The Youth, who ne'er could cold CYDIP-
PE move,

Till, by a stratagem, he won her love.

The maid for whom ENEAS breath'd a
sigh,

For whom a TURNUS was content to die.
The youth who strove the wish'd for
shore to gain,

Whom HERO mourn'd, but mourn'd,
alas! in vain.

The fair whom PLUTO's glooming man-
sions bound,

With rolling STYX nine times encircling
round.

When ORPHEUS, on the wings of love was
sent,

And, by his lyre, made PROSERPINE re-
lent.

The God, who rides majestic, on the
main,

And wields his trident o'er th' aquatic
plain.

T' enrich the fair, whose name, th' ini-
tials form, [charm.

The GRACES have bestow'd their ev'ry
The NINE admiring her peace-warbling
pen, [Ten.

Have now agreed to make their number
A solution of the above is requested.

C O L U M B I A.

By the Rev. Dr. DWIGHT of Connecticut.

COLUMBIA, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the
child of the skies!

Thy genius commands thee; with rap-
ture behold,

While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.

Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of
time,

Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy
clime;

Let the crimes of the East ne'er encrim-
son thy name,

Be freedom and science, and virtue, thy
fame.

To

To conquest, and slaughter, let Europe as-
pire ;
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities
in fire ;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall
defend, [tend.
And triumph pursue them, and glory at-
A world is thy realm ; for a world be thy
laws, [cause ;
Enlarg'd as thine empire, and just as thy
On freedom's broad basis, thine empire
shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with
the skies.
Fair science her gates to thy sons shall
unbar,
And the East see thy morn hide the beams
of her star,
New bards, and new sages, unrivall'd shall
soar
To fame, unextinguish'd, when time is no
more ;
To thee, the last refuge of virtue design'd,
shall fly from all nations the best of man-
kind ;
Here, grateful to Heaven, with transport
shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odours
of spring.
Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory as-
cend,
And genius and beauty in harmony
blend :
The graces of form shall awake pure de-
fire,
And the charms of the soul ever cherish
the fire ;
Their sweetness unmingl'd, their manners
refin'd,
And virtue's bright image, instamp'd on
the mind,
With peace, and soft rapture, shall teach
life to glow,
And light up a smile in the aspect of woe.
Thy fleets to all regions thy pow'r shall
display,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey ;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the East and the South yield their
spices and gold.
As the day spring unbounded, thy splen-
dor shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee
shall bow,
While the ensigns of union, in triumph
unfurld,
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace
to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars
o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively
stray'd—
The gloom from the face of fair heav'n
retir'd ;
The winds ceas'd to murmur ; the thun-
ders expir'd ;
Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd sweetly a-
long,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly
sung :
" Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of
the skies."

To the EDITORS of the MASSACHUSETTS
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

*Those of your readers who have not seen the
works of Dr. Goldsmith, will not fully relish
the poem that appeared in your last Magazine,
without information of the circumstances which
gave it birth.*

*" Dr. Goldsmith and some of his friends occa-
sionally dined at St. James's Coffee House. One
day it was proposed to write epitaphs upon him."
—On this occasion David Garrick exhibited the
Fable of Jupiter and Mercury, which I send you.
—Dr. Goldsmith was called upon for retaliation ;
and at their next meeting, he produced the poem
you published.*

JUPITER AND MERCURY.

A FABLE.

By DAVID GARRICK.

HERE, Hermes, says Jove, who with
Nectar was mellow,
Go fetch me some clay—I will make an
odd fellow ;
Right and wrong shall be jumbled—much
gold and some dross ;
Without cause to be pleas'd, without cause
to be cross :
Be sure, as I work, to throw in contra-
dictions,
A great lover of truth, yet a mind turn'd
to fictions ;
Now mix these ingredients, which, warm'd
in the baking,
Turn to learning, and gaming, religion, and
raking.
With the love of a wench, let his writ-
ings be chaste ;
Tip his tongue with strange matter, his
pen with fine taste ;
That the rake and the poet o'er all may
prevail, [tail ;
Set fire to the head, and set fire to the
For

For the joys of each sex, on the world I'll
bellow it,
This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester,
and poet;
Though a mixture so odd, he shall merit
great fame,
And among brother mortals—be Gold-
smith his name;
When on earth this strange meteor no
more shall appear,
You, *Hermes*, shall fetch him—to make us
sport here.

To the Editors of the *Massachusetts
Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,

*The following elegant sentimental morceau, has
never received that extensive circulation, to
which its merit entitles it;—by depositing it
in your "Cabinet of Apollo," you will
greatly contribute to its celebrity, and much
oblige* A Friend to the Muses.

THE R O S E.

By Dr. LADD.

THE Rose had been wash'd, lately
wash'd in a show'r,
That *Mary* to *Anna* convey'd,
A plentiful moisture encumber'd the flow'r,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.
The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were
all wet,
And seem'd at a fanciful view,
To weep with regret for the buds it had left,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.
I hastily seiz'd it, unlit as it was,
For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,
And shaking it rudely—too rudely, alas!
I snapt it—it fell to the ground.
"And such" I exclaim'd "is the pitiless part,
"Some act by the delicate mind,
"Regardless of wringing and breaking a
heart,
"Already to sorrow resign'd.
"This beautiful Rose, had I shaken it less,
"Might have bloom'd with the owner
awhile, [address,
"And the tear that is wip'd with a little
"May be follow'd perhaps with a smile."

The ACCEPTABLE SACRIFICE.

A Fragment of MENANDER:

Translated by FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.

WHO'er approaches to the Lord of all,
And with his offerings desolates
the stall; [dress,
Who brings a hundred bulls with garlands
purple mantle, or the golden vest;

Or ivory figures richly wrought around,
Or curious images with emeralds crown'd;
And hopes with these God's favour to ob-
tain, [vain.
His thoughts are foolish and his hopes are
He, only he, may trust his prayer will rise,
And heaven accept his grateful sacrifice,
Who leads beneficent a virtuous life;
Who wrongs no virgin, who corrupts no
wife;
No robber he, no murd'rer of mankind,
No miser, servant of the sordid mind:
Dare to be just, my Pamphilus, disdain
The smallest trifle for the greatest gain:
For God is nigh thee, and his purer light
In acts of goodness only takes delight;
He feeds the labourer for his honest toil,
And heaps his substance as he turns the
soil.
To him then humbly pay the rights divine,
And not in garments, but in goodness
shine. [sleep,
Guiltless of conscience, thou may'st safely
Tho' thunders bellow thro' the boundless
deep. [Court Misch.

To the Editors of the *Massachusetts
Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,

*The following elegiac stanzas are from the pen of
a young lady, whose understanding, superior to
her years, might have united, with proper cul-
tivation, the fruits of maturity with the blos-
soms of youth.*

M A T I L D A:

O R,

The CHILD of SORROW.

I.

YE, who have known distress, and new
can feel
The throb of pity for another's woes;
Come, weep o'er sorrows, which you can-
not heal; [cannot close!
Come, live with tears the wound, you

II.

Once could MATILDA's form of graces
boast, [express;
Which not the lyre nor pencil could
But now those luring graces all are lost,
Nipp'd in the blossom by severe distress.

III.

Full many a year, misfortune's iron sway,
Has rul'd her bosom, and deny'd her
peace;
Joy, when it gilded the Cimmerian day,
Bet shone, the night of anguish to en-
crease.

When

IV.

When hostile horrors shook the western
plains, [throngs,
And weeping Freedom rous'd indignant
Her father join'd the brave, heroic swains,
That dar'd revenge their injur'd coun-
try's wrongs.

V.

He bravely fought on war's ensanguin'd
field;
He fell, to virtue and his country dear;
But, ah! can *same* sweet consolation yield
To widow'd sorrow's melancholy ear?

VI.

Her lovely *sister*, tho' by heav'n design'd
The brightest brilliant in this world of
guilt, [reign'd;
Her youthful bloom to death's cold arms
Despair embaz'd the pyre, seduction built.

VII.

A smiling villain, dress'd in honour's guise,
The sweet *Simplicia* of her heart begu'd—
Charm'd, like the bird, which falls the ser-
pent's prize,
Deluded virtue sunk, *pollution's child.*

VIII.

The bloom forsook her love-inspiring face;
The lustre languish'd of her azure eye;
Death's palest lily soon usurp'd the place,
That blush'd so lately with the *rose's* dye.

IX.

The anguish'd mother yielded to the blow,
That tore her darling from her doating
eyes, [woe,
And thro' yon grave, its last retreat from
Her spirit flew to seek its kindred skies.

X.

A pittance, ample tho' a mite, was left,
To guard the lone MATILDA from distress;
But sordid avarice of that mite bereft
The gentle maid, who found no kind
redress.

XI.

One cheering hope, long cherish'd, yet
remain'd; [love;
That hope relied on ALWYN's promis'd
But, ah! the heart, where truth and virtue
reign'd, [could prove!
Dream'd not how base another's heart

XII.

With plaints, which might the coldest soul
o'erflow, [she flies;
To ALWYN's arms with all her griefs
The tale he heard, and with dissembled
woe, [sighs.
Consol'd her sorrows, and repress'd her

XIII.

But ere again *Diana* fill'd her horn,
Perfidious ALWYN, to another fair,
That hand united, which the wretch had
sworn [ry care.
Should shield MATILDA's life from eve-

XIV.

What now remain'd?—Affliction's cup
ran o'er,
And every hope of happiness was crost;
Joy on her bosom now could gleam no
more, [was lost.
And peace in black despair's deep gulf

XV.

At length did grief a placid form assume;
Passion's rude gust her soul no more
could shake;
Her anguish settled to a silent gloom,
And *woe* the heart, it had not power
to break.

XVI.

But soon the long grass, and the heavy sod,
Shall from distress protect MATILDA's
form;
While, *Phanix* like, her spirit quits its clod,
And soars triumphant o'er affliction's
storm.

The MORNING SALU- TATION:

O R,

*A Friendly Conference between a puritan
Preacher, and a Family of his Flock, upon
the 30th of January. Written by the cel-
ebrated Author of Hudibras.*

P R E A C H E R.

GOOD morrow to thee—how dost do;
I only just call'd in to show
My love, upon this blessed day,
As I, by chance, came by this way.
Grace, peace, and faith be unto thee,
And all this chosen family.

H U S B A N D.

My soul does very much rejoice
To see thee, and to hear thy voice,
I bless the Lord to find thee thus
Abound in health, as well as us,
And hope thou art dispos'd to stay
Awhile and comfort us this day.

P R E A C H E R.

I think I shall not stay to dine,
But the Lord's will be done, not mine.
Where's thy good wife? methinks I want
To see her, she's a pious saint;
In wedlock thou art truly bless'd,
Of woman she's the very best.

Pray

Pray let her know that I am here,
And tell her I desire to see her.

HUSBAND.

The Lord preserve her! here she comes,
She has just been sweeping out her rooms,
You must excuse her housewife's dress,
She's always doing I profess.

WIFE.

I'm very happy, worthy Sir,
To see so great a stranger here.
I hope, good madam Cant is well,
And pretty Mrs. Abigail.
Dear Sir, I wish I could have seen
Them here, how blest I should I have been:
Tho' I'm ashamed, I must confess,
T' appear in such a homely dress.

PREACHER.

Thou'rt a good woman, thou hast grace
That best adorns a beauteous face;
I think thy weeds become thee well,
Thou would'st not dress like Jezebel.
To tell the truth, I've seldom seen
A wife more lovely or more clean.
Give me thy hand, thou faithful bride,
The Lord at all times be thy guide:
How do thy little comforts fare?
Those tender twigs, their parents care;
Pray call 'em hither, let me bless
Those pretty hopeful babes of grace.

WIFE.

Here, Aram, come, my little saint,
Where's your low bow to Mr. Cant?
Daughter! where art? come hither Ruth,
Fie, pull your fingers from your mouth.
Look up, my dear, hold up your head,
Where's your fine curtsy; there's my
maid.

PREACHER.

Lord sanctify these lambs, and grant
That they thy grace may never want;
Show 'em thy ways, that they may be
A comfort to thy spouse and thee;
The Lord sufficiently hath show'd
His love to both in such a brood.
May they still greater blessings grow
To thee that brought 'em forth in woe.
And as their years increase, inherit
A double portion of the spirit.

WIFE.

Thanks to you, Reverend Sir, may heaven
Reward the blessings you have given.
Rebecca, take my closet key
And fetch that bottle unto me,
Thy master brought me home last night
For palm, and said he knew 'twas right;
And with the bottle pray bring in
A glass, take care you wash it clean.

PREACHER.

I hope thou dost not think that I
Drink wine, except I'm sick or dry;
I ne'er take any thing that's strong,
One glass I fear will do me wrong,
E'en let it rest upon the shelf,
Thou'dst better keep it for thyself.

WIFE.

Good Sir, vouchsafe, at my request,
To drink this glass, 'tis not a taste,
It holds but half a pint at most,
Will you be pleas'd to have a toast?

PREACHER.

No, by no means, if I must take
So large a dose 'tis for thy sake.
Good Lord give thou a blessing to it,
That when 'tis down I may not rue it.
Well, 'tis exceeding good indeed,
I wish it mayn't offend my head.
May'st thou at all times, for thy ease,
Abound in comforts, such as these.
'Tis a prime cordial, I protest,
This ought not to be drank in waste.

HUSBAND.

Alas! one glass, Sir, will not warm ye,
I'm sure a second cannot harm ye;
Cold weather does strong wine require,
Fill out, my dear—a little higher.
Pray give the glass to Mr. Cant,
So long a walk may make him faint.

PREACHER.

Thou best of all good women! hold
Thy hand, consider I am old,
Thou art too bountiful, I vow,
Thy love is too abounding now.
Lord sanctify this cordial juice,
And make it wholesome for our use.
Well! 'tis a comfortable creature,
In truth I think I ne'er drank better.
I can but thank you for your love,
'Tis now, I doubt, high time to move.

WIFE.

Nay, Sir, I hope you'll stay and dine,
Besides, here's almost half the wine:
Pray, Sir, accept before you go,
Of t'other glass, and don't say no.
And if you're not engag'd elsewhere,
You're welcome to our homely fare.

PREACHER.

Thou art so kind, I needs must say,
I scarce know how to go or stay.
What dinner hast thou, friendly creature?
Alas! I'm but a piddling eater.

WIFE.

I must confess we have not dress'd
What's worthy of so good a guest;
Yet 'tis a dish that we may say
Is suited to the present day:
'Tis a calf's head, to tell you truth,
I wish such fare may fit your tooth.

PREACHER.

P R E A C H E R.

Bless me, the best and only dith,
Upon this day, that I could wish.
No food besides could so delight
My eyes, and eke my appetite.
Good pious saints, that you should join
Your hearts so mutually with mine.
Well, give me now the other glass,
I see that you abound in grace,
The Lord of mercy, and of power
Hath blessings for such saints in store.
I cannot bid you now farewell,
Thy invitation must prevail.
Methinks from heav'n I hear a voice
That bids me tarry and rejoice.

H U S B A N D.

None can more truly welcome be,
Therefore, I hope, Sir, you'll be free.
This is a day of joy and mirth
Among the saints that dwell on earth.
This and the fifth day of November
We're always careful to remember;
Both which deserve the utmost reverence
For our remarkable deliverance.

P R E A C H E R.

'Tis very true, we ought to praise
The Lord upon these blessed days,
And tipify the fall of him
That caus'd the land in blood to swim:
So good a dith, on such a day!
What Christian can refuse to stay?
But tho' I tarry here to dine,
Pray do not fend for any wine.

H U S B A N D.

A little, Sir—wife, fend the maid
For two of palm and two of red:
This day we always drink, you know,
To th' pious hand that gave the blow.

P R E A C H E R.

The Lord direct thee! pr'ythee do
What thy own mind inclines thee to,
But I must crave thy leave to light
One pipe to whet my appetite.
When that is done we'll shut the door,
And praise the Lord for half an hour.

STANZAS to the SUN.

Written when it was alternately bright and clouded.

AH! why these efforts, source of day?
Since half a cloud, and half a ray,
Must chequer every sky!
Cease, cease, the unavailing strife,
And 'twixt thy state, O Sun! and life,
Say, where the difference lies?
Say, where the difference, mighty power,
'Twixt thee and man, at this dull hour,
Tho' thine, a loftier birth?

*Thou, thro' the deep domain of air,
Art struggling betwixt foul and fair,
He does the same on earth.*

Asserting now a fleece of white,
And now in mists exhausted quite,
'Twixt gaiety and gloom;
As flood and fire to vapours tend,
Opposing elements but blend
Thy radiance to entomb.

Lo, pilgrim man, his journey runs,
And travels after distant Suns,
And basks in every gleam;
Now fancies every wish is near,
Thinks his horizon wond'rous clear,
And revels in his dream.

Yet now indeed thy rays are bright,
Sure 'tis the jubilee of light,
All nature feels thy power;
But see the storm is riding on,
'Thy jubilee, alas! is done,
And sunshine yields to shower.

Thus too it is with man's poor race,
The storms break fast about his face,
A various atmosphere!
Now *Pleasure* gives the vermeil glow,
Then burns the *heat*, then chills the *snow*,
No certain climate there.

Fell oft a flash of gorgeous glare,
Scorches its hour out, thro' the air;
While clouds in ambush lie:
'Tis thus the lesser orbs below,
Life's idle pageant hang to show,
While woes are brooding by.

Nor seldom, the quick smile appears,
Forerunner of the copious tears
That intercept our day;
Th' allusion still, O Sol! is true,
When tender openings of thy blue
Adorn the welkin's way.

And, ah! how oft the thicker clouds,
From morn to eve, th' *effulgent*, shrouds
In deepest robes of night.
Sad emblem still of his distress,
Whose days in constant wretchedness
Pass on, unknown to light!

But see, the prospect shifts again,
Radiance commixes with the rain,
'Tis warmth and wet together:
In this too the allusion's just,
For who, alas! one hour can trust,
Man's *sunshine*, *show'ry* weather?

Yet soft—a track of richer light,
Seems breaking now upon the sight,
The firmament is fair!
Ah! no—the sudden torrent pours,
And half the skies descend in showers,
Deforming earth and air!

Thus,

Thus, frequent, after many a sigh
Hath burst impetuous o'er our sky,
Rich transport darts around ;
Then, ere the flattering beam can fix,
Returning tides of sorrow mix,
And *Hope itself* is drown'd.

Yet, haply, shall our eye be clear,
Serenely smooth our hemisphere ;
Resembling still in *this* ;
Just as our orbs are going down,
O may no fearful tempest frown,
But may both *set* in peace.

But, should no parting joys befriend,
No farewell streaks of light attend
To cheer our fading ray :
Then be it *thine*—SUBLIMER Sun,
Soon as this darksome course is run,
To give perpetual day !

[*Europ. Mag.*]

M*****.

The CHOICE of a HUSBAND.

By a Lady.

A MAN that's neither high nor low
In party nor in stature,
No rake, no rattle, and no beau,
But not unus'd to flatter.

Let him not be a learned fool
That nods o'er musty books,
That eats, and drinks, and lives by rule,
And weighs our words and looks.

Let him be easy, free, and gay,
Of dancing never tir'd,
Have always something smart to say,
Yet silent when requir'd.

Let him be rich, not covetous,
Nor generous to excess,
Willing that I should keep the purse,
And please myself in dress.

A little courage let him have
From insults to protect me,
Provided that he's not so brave
To dare to contradict me.

Ten thousand pounds a year I like,
But if so much can't be,
You seven from the ten may strike,
I'll be content with three.

His face—no matter if 'tis plain,
But let it not be fair—
The man my heart is sure to gain,
Who can with this compare.

And if some lord should chance t' agree
With the above description,
Though I'm not fond of quality,
It shall be no objection.

The LADY's description of herself.

I'M a strange composition as e'er was in
nature,
Being wond'rously studious, and yet a
great prater ;
Retirement and quiet I love beyond mea-
sure,
Yet none more dispos'd to a party of plea-
sure.

I can cry till I laugh, or laugh till I cry,
Yet few have a temper so equal as I ;
My shape is but clumsy, I see and I know
it,

Yet always am dancing and skipping to
show it ;

My visage is round, just the shape of a
bowl,

With a great pair of eyes resembling an
owl.

I've a nose and a mouth that are not of
the least,

One serves me to smell, and the other to
taste.

What I gain in those features makes up
for no chin,

But here's my misfortune, my smile's a
broad grin.

My temper is rather addicted to satire,
And yet, without vanity, fraught with
good nature.

I can laugh at my friend, but most at my-
self,

And have no inclination for titles or pelf ;
For truth I can tell you, believe me or
nay,

To my friend my own int'rest does ever
give way.

In the main I am cleanly, and yet my
discourse,

If you're squeamish, may make you as sick
as a horse.

I put on assurance, tho' naturally shy,
And most people love me, tho' none can
tell why.

Without any voice I can sing you a song,
And tho' I grow old, I shall ever be young.
I'm not yet dispos'd of, come bid for the
blessing.

For they who first guess, shall have me for
guessing.

[*Lon. Mag.*]

The old Maid's reply to an old Bachelor, who
told her she would lead apes in hell.

LEAD apes in hell!—there's no such
thing,

'Tis only made to fool us ;
But better there to hold the string,

Than here let *Monkeys* rule us.

MONTHLY

MONTHLY GAZETTE.

FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

GERMANY.

LORD Hervey, the British Ambassador at the court of Florence, had presented two memorials, insisting upon the removal of M. la Flotte the pretended French Minister. Upon the inefficacy of these memorials, a third was presented by his lordship, wherein he declared, that the British court in concert with its allies, was determined to tolerate no longer the neutrality of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and that his Royal Highness, unless he should give a categorical answer within twelve hours from the delivery of the note, presented by his lordship, and communicate his resolutions before the expiration of that time, should be considered, and dealt with as an enemy on the part of the allied maritime powers. The Grand Duke having received the memorial, gave immediate orders for M. la Flotte the French resident and his suite to quit the peaceful Tuscan territories in all haste. The republican agent obeyed the orders without delay.

The Senate of Genoa has likewise received a strong memorial from the British minister at that court. The nature of the circumstances will probably afford to the republic of Genoa no satisfaction for the violation of its territory: Had not the English recently intercepted two Genoese ships bound to Marseilles, laden with gunpowder, there might have been some hopes of their obtaining satisfaction; but this act of supplying the common enemy, has inspired the allied maritime powers with the utmost disgust and indignation; satisfaction has been demanded of the republic, which will be obliged to declare against the French regicides. Venice will be compelled, likewise, to follow the example of other powers. The most serious preparations are making for a third campaign. Galicia alone will furnish 17000 men. The states of Hungary have offered a fresh army of 30000 men to the Emperor.

ITALY.

We learn that since the King of the two Sicilies joined the coalesced powers against France, the gratuitous gifts of his subjects multiply daily. The Princes of Paterno and Villafanca are most distinguished; the former having offered 110,000 ducats, and the latter his famous sideboard of gold.

Vol. VI.

H

GREAT BRITAIN.

The circumstance of the unexpected continuation of the toll of the bridge in Bristol have caused considerable riot. A large mob assembled and cut the toll gates in pieces and turned the keepers forcibly out; other gates were soon erected and immediately destroyed, and set fire to by the populace. The Mayor, with a number of public officers attended, and the riot act was read. The fire bells rang from several churches, but nothing would appease the tumult. The militia was called in and the drums beat to arms. They formed their lines and were obliged to fire on the people to quell the riot.—The Mayor and some of the chief civil officers narrowly escaped with their lives. The military after loading and firing merely with powder, were ordered to charge with ball, which had the desired effect. From the suspicion of an insurrection an armed force was ordered to be stationed on the bridge.

It is said, that General O'Hara carried with him from Gibraltar, one thousand troops. The force at Toulon was eighteen thousand men on the 1st of Decem. and great reinforcements were daily expected from the different allied powers.

The intelligence brought by Lord George Conway, is of the most important nature. The surrender of Fort St. Louis, with a garrison of four thousand men, and 112 pieces of artillery are not the only felicitous circumstances which his lordship is charged to impart. The quantity of ammunition and military stores taken in the place, is immense. The garrison chose to surrender themselves prisoners of war, as they said, if they returned to France, they were certain of being guillotined.

On the 24th Novem. Mr. Wiffin the King's messenger arrived at the Secretary of State's office with dispatches from his Majesty's minister at Genoa. By these dispatches it appears, that the republic, determined not to give up their connexion with France, had rather chosen to risk hostilities with this country, and in consequence had determined on a war with Great Britain! Mr. Wiffin, the messenger, was allowed twelve hours to

pass

pass through their territories, and all foreigners, the French excepted, had been ordered to quit the territories of the Republic, within a certain time; in consequence of which Sir Gilbert Elliott, who was there on his way to Toulon, and Mr. Drake, his Britannic Majesty's Minister at Genoa, with all the British then at that place, had embarked on board his Majesty's ship the Bedford, 74 guns, Capt. Mann, and sailed for Toulon.

FRENCH REPUBLIC.

The tribunal, on the declaration of the jury purporting that Brissot, Vergniaud, &c. to the number of twenty, are the authors of or accomplices in a conspiracy against the unity and indivisibility of the Republic, against the liberty and safety of the French people; condemns them to the punishment of death; declares their property confiscated to the Republic, and orders that the sentence be executed at the place de la Revolution, and that it shall be printed and posted up throughout the whole Republic. The execution took place on the 31st of October between 11 and 12 in the forenoon.

The popular society of the *Tour du Pin* congratulated the Convention on the recent victories, and expressed their detestation of the treason of Toulon, requesting that when the city should be taken by the Republicans, it should be immediately destroyed—Decreed. It was proposed and adopted that the young architects and artists belonging to the schools of mathematics and fortification should be employed in the armies.

The female citizen Mirabeau, mother of the two famous brothers of that name has been arrested and committed to prison. The female citizen Olympia Gourges has been guillotined, notwithstanding her pretended plea of pregnancy.

The mulatto Baymond, chief agent of Brissot in the destruction of the Whites of St. Domingo, has been guillotined in Paris at the place de la Revolution.

After the repulse of the Prussians at Bitche, in which, according to their own account, their loss has been very considerable, the current has appeared to turn in favour of the French. In that assault Prince Frederick, of Prussia, received a severe wound in the shoulder. Of the Prussian army, it is said that the attempt cost them no less than 800 killed and 1300 wounded. The battalion of the grenadiers of Runisky, who wished first to scale the walls, was almost entirely destroyed.

This affair took place on the evening of the 16th, and, on the morning of the 17th, the French made an attack on Bliescastel, but the Duke of Brunswick having succeeded in turning the right wing, they were repulsed with loss. On the 18th another dreadful engagement took place with the Austrians under General Wurmsfer, and the troops in the vicinity of Strasburg, aided by a part of the garrison of that fortress; this was followed by a third engagement on the 21st, when Gen. Wurmsfer was attacked in all his positions; the slaughter was prodigious.

The loss of the Austrians is calculated at 6000 killed and wounded, and yet their persevering bravery compelled the French to retire to the heights of Saverne where they have an entrenched camp. The Austrians resumed, for a time, their former position; but by later accounts, we learn, that General Wurmsfer, with the greater part of his army has retired to Hagenau.

It is reported at Paris on the credit of an army order signed Alexis Dubois, General, that the Prince of Conde was killed by a cannon shot fired by the sixth battalion of Drome.

FRENCH VICTORY.

The Representatives of the people with the army of the Moselle inform the National Convention, that on the 17th of November, the main of the army, divided into two columns and marched at three in the morning towards Bitche, and the camp near Bliescastel. The troops of the Republic surmounted all the obstacles which the satellites of despotism had raised on the roads to impede the order of our soldiers. We reached the enemy's outposts, charged them; they made no resistance, and instantly advanced under the cannon of the Prussian camp. The battle immediately began with the greatest fury.—The enemy seized a very favourable moment for drawing out their numerous cavalry, it was soon dispersed by our light artillery. A movement made by our right column, with its twenty five pieces of cannon, accelerated our victory and the defeat of the enemy. We entered Bliescastel, where we found some stragglers, the greater part of whom we took prisoners. We are now at Limback two leagues distant from Deux Ponts.

The brother-in-law of General Wurmsfer has been apprehended at Strasbourg, and conveyed to Paris as prisoner of state.

DOMESTIC

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

WESTERN ARMY.

THE troops, we learn, are comfortably huddled six miles in advance of Fort Jefferson, and are well supplied with provision, and enjoy a remarkable degree of health, and were but little apprehensive of an attack from the enemy, though prepared against it.

UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENTS, &c.

On the 7th instant, the dwelling house of Mr. John Butters of Jeffrey, fell a sacrifice to that raging element *Fire!* together with four of his children; there were five in the house, the eldest of whom being about 12 years of age, fortunately escaped. The circumstances attending this melancholy catastrophe are these. Mr. Butters was on a journey, and Mrs. Butters had that evening gone to visit some of her neighbours, leaving the five children, before mentioned, at home. On her return, when within about 20 rods of her house, she discovered it to be on fire. Her calls awakened the child who made his escape, but not without being considerably burnt, though not dangerously. The neighbourhood was instantly alarmed, but not in time to rescue the four remaining children, or save any of the furniture. The anxiety of the mother, an *interested spectator* of this shocking scene, and the surprise of the father, on receiving the news of this awful catastrophe is better imagined than described. The remains of the children were but brands, except the infant, who being covered by the bed clothes, remained more entire. They were decently interred soon after, and a sermon was preached suitable to the occasion from Job i. 18, 21.

The elegant seat of Mr. John Doane, Jamaica plains, was lately destroyed by fire.

On the 9th instant the dwelling house of Mr. Joshua Laffell of Hinesburg, Vermont, took fire, Mr. Laffell and his wife being from home, and was entirely consumed, together with three of their children, and all their furniture.

Mr. N. Patten's paper mill at Springfield, (Massachusetts) was lately consumed by fire, with some of the stock contained in it. Mr. Patten's loss is said to be estimated at about £. 250 L. M.

A fire lately broke out at Philadelphia, near the new market, 2d street, by which

two frame houses were consumed, and several others much injured.

CURIOUS INVENTION.

John Fritz, an ingenious mechanic in Germany has lately exhibited a chariot of his own invention, which may be put in motion with the hand, by means of a spring, and which moves with so much rapidity as to advance a quarter of a league in less than five minutes.

PHILANTHROPY.

A worthy industrious mechanic in the town of Newark, New Jersey, maintains at his own charge a schoolmaster, of reputable character, who teaches the English language, writing and arithmetic, to about 40 children! among them the poor are taught gratis at his annual expense of about twenty pounds. Noble philanthropy, honorary to human nature and Christianity.

Col. E. Oswald has lately arrived at Philadelphia, from Havre de Grace, which he left November 9th. It is said he has brought dispatches for the Secretary of State and for Citizen Genet.

When the American public is informed that the Executive Council of France, who signed Mr. Genet's late extraordinary instructions (Roland, Le Brun, Claviere, &c.) have been denounced by the present National Convention, as traitors to their country, as having involved France in a war with Holland and England, and practised the basest of measures, they will recognize the wisdom of the Executive officers of the United States, in delaying to second proceedings which have proved thus obnoxious. It is said that his letters of recall have arrived at the seat of Government, and it has been suggested that M. Fauchet will succeed him.

PRINCE EDWARD.

A few days since, Prince Edward, son of his Britannic Majesty, arrived in this town from Quebec. We are told that his Highness has lately been promoted to the rank of Brigadier General, and is to have a command in the army in the West Indies.

Fauchet, whom the French Convention have appointed to succeed Genet as Minister in America, spent many years at New Orleans; he speaks the English language.

language with great fluency, and used to correspond with the late Dr. Franklin on philosophical subjects.

HONOURARY DEGREES.

At a meeting of the board of trustees of New Jersey College, on the 19th of December last, held in consequence of the annual meeting and commencement in September, having been suspended by the fatal sickness prevalent at that time in Philadelphia; the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on the Hon. Alexander Martin, Esq. Senator in Congress for the State of North Carolina; and the degree of Doctor in Divinity on the Rev. William Hollingshead of Charleston, South Carolina; and on the Rev. Joseph Bekley of this town.

PUBLIC APPOINTMENTS and RESIGNATIONS.

John Vinal, Esq. has been appointed a Justice of the Peace for the County of Suffolk.

Dr. Rittenhouse has resigned as President of the Democratic Society of Philadelphia.

The Rev. Samuel Dean, D. D. is appointed to deliver the election sermon in May next.

FOREIGN APPOINTMENT.

Edmund Burke is raised to the rank of an Irish Peer, under the title of lord Connought.

Citizen Cherice is recognized by the President of the United States, as Vice Consul of the Republic of France at Alexandria, Virginia.

The Legislature of Georgia have passed an act to prevent the importation of any negro, mulatto, or any other slave into that state, on pain of forfeiting, for any imported, the sum of £.50.

A child was lately committed to jail in New York, about 12 years of age, for counterfeiting a check upon the Bank, which he had presented, and for which it is said he had received about 50 dollars.

The Senate and House of Representatives of the U. States have enacted, that from and after the first day of May, A. D. 1795, the Flag of the United States be fifteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be fifteen stars, white in a blue ground.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

Wednesday the 5th instant, the House proceeded to the consideration of the report of the committee of both Houses on the speech of his Honour the Lieutenant

Governor, as taken into a new draught by the Hon. Senate, and after debate, committed to Messrs. Eustis, Jarvis, Davis, Ely and Lyman. A bill has passed the House to be engrossed incorporating the Massachusetts Historical Society. Committees have been appointed to consider a letter and an act communicated by the Governor of the State of Connecticut, respecting the boundary line between this State and Connecticut. To consider the expediency of granting a tax the present session. To report a petition of the Agricultural Society praying aid from government; and to consider the expediency of giving further encouragement to manufactures within this Commonwealth.

The FUNDING BILL

has passed the House to be engrossed.

The House have been entirely engrossed in a public hearing of the parties, on the complaints exhibited to the House by Stephen Hall, 3d, against William Hunt, Esq. for malconduct in his office as Justice of the Peace; and after a full hearing, a motion was made that William Hunt, Esq. be impeached before the Hon. Senate, for misconduct and mal-administration in the office of a Justice of the Peace. This was agreed to. He has since been tried, found guilty, and, as a punishment for his mal-practices, been suspended as an acting Justice for the term of one year.

The Hon. Senate, we are told, have passed a bill for the districting the Commonwealth anew, for the choice of Counsellors and Senators. Also a bill granting a lottery to Harvard College for the purpose of erecting another building for the accommodation of the students. This bill has been negatived by the House, and sent back, by request, to that Hon. Body.

Answer to the Lieut. Governor's SPEECH.

On the 20th instant, a joint committee of both branches of the Legislature, consisting of Messrs. Freeman, Bridge, Jarvis, Eustis, and Ely, waited on his Honour the Lieut. Governor, with the following Answer to his Speech at the opening of the session.

To His Honour SAMUEL ADAMS, LIEUT. GOVERNOR of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

SIR,

AS it has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the universe, to remove our late Governor

error from this life, since our last session, the two branches of the Legislature conceive it a duty they owe their constituents, to express their highest respect for the great and eminent services which he has rendered his country.

With you, Sir, and our fellow citizens throughout the Commonwealth, we most sincerely sympathize on this melancholy event. The public and private virtues, which have distinguished this illustrious Patriot—his early exertions in the cause of Freedom, and the Rights of Man—the wisdom and magnanimity which he has discovered during a long and arduous conflict for the Liberties of his Country, together with a constant adherence to the principles of the Constitution, furnish a splendid example for the imitation of his Fellow Citizens, and must endear the name of HANCOCK to the most remote posterity.

In this instance of public affliction, we derive a consolation, that it has pleased God to continue the life and usefulness of his Co-Patriot, from whose known attachment to the public welfare, we anticipate the most disinterested and faithful discharge of those duties which by the Constitution are devolved on the Lieutenant Governor.

"That all Men are born Free and Equal in Rights," is a principle on which all just and legitimate Governments are founded. On this basis rests the Constitution of this and the United States; and we are happy to observe this great and fundamental principle, embraced by enlightened Politicians, and made the basis of Government for millions beyond the Atlantic. To the influence of this benign principle and a wise administration of Government, we attribute the present state of peace and prosperity with which the United States are blessed, while so many other nations are involved in the misery and calamities of war. Nor can we refrain from expressing our affections for that nation who assisted us in the time of our adversity, and with whom we are in alliance; and our sincere wishes that they may succeed in the defence of their country, and in the establishment of peace and good Government, founded on the principles of Liberty, and the Rights of Man.

We fully join with your Honour in the sentiment of the indispensable necessity of the education of youth; and every encouragement will continue to be given to this most interesting object, which its importance demands.

To any communication you may be pleased to make, and to the dispatch of the most important public business, due attention will be paid, that your Honour may be enabled to discharge the trust reposed in you by the Constitution, and that the public weal may be best promoted.

On Friday the 28th, his Honour the Lt. Governor, at the request of both Houses, adjourned the General Court of this Commonwealth, until the Tuesday next preceding the last Wednesday of May next. The number of bills passed this session are about 50 in number—principally private and local ones.

PUBLIC FAST.

His Honour the Lieut. Governor, has seen fit to appoint, by and with the advice of the Council, Thursday, the seventeenth day of April next, to be observed as a day of Public Fasting, Humiliation, and Prayer, throughout this Commonwealth.

From a GENTLEMAN in the WESTERN ARMY.

"This day I have the pleasure to inform you, there came a flag from the Indians at war with us, one white man and an Indian Chief, to ask for peace in behalf of all the nations. They say they have all been sorry that they did not meet, and make peace last year; but that they were deceived, or misunderstood some talk they had with Brandt, respecting some Indians who were killed; that they were told that we were willing for peace, and that they were. This was told them by the old squaw I mentioned in a former letter. You need not doubt we shall have a peace immediately. The Indians have been alarmed by us since we have lain here; we have beat up some of their camps: Capt. Eaton, mentioned in my last letter, came in this day with several hundred skins of different kinds taken from the Indian camps, which they deserted on his approach, about sixty miles from this."

IMPORTANT NEWS.

We are favoured with the following Important Intelligence, by a gentleman of undoubted veracity who received it by Saturday's Southern Post.

On the 23d ult. Capt. Brown arrived at N. York, from Guernsey, which he left the 8th of January last, brings intelligence, that Toulon was retaken by the French,

French, and that Gen. O'Hara, with the men under his command, were made prisoners of war.—That Lord Hood had escaped with his fleet, taking with him a number of the French ships of war.

We hear also, that M. de la Forêt is appointed Consul General from the government of France to the United States, and that four new French Consuls to different districts of the United States, have come out with him.

It is also said, that Earl Moira, had made an ineffectual attempt to assist the French Royalists in Bretagne, and had returned to England with the troops under his command.

The following confirmation of the recapture of Toulon, was taken from a handbill, printed in New York on the 25th instant.

Copy of a letter from a Merchant in Guernsey, to a respectable mercantile house in N. York, dated January 8th, 1794.

"The only authentic News in this part of the world is, the RECAPTURE of TOULON by the French Republicans, and their successes in every quarter, particularly against the army of Wurmser on the Rhine, which they obliged to retreat from their redoubts at Hageneau on the 28th of December, and against the Royalists, who had crossed the Loire from Lavendee in great numbers, and who seem to be nearly annihilated.

"These particulars are certain, and may prove interesting should the Rebecca have a short passage."

N. B. The above brig arrived in this port yesterday, in 45 days from Guernsey.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT by FIRE.

On the 24th inst. between one and two o'clock, the dwelling house of Mr. Henry Ranlet of Exeter, Printer, took fire by some unknown means, and in a short time was totally consumed, together with almost the whole of the furniture and wearing apparel of the family, who barely escaped with their lives. To this we are sorry to add the total loss of his Printing apparatus, and about 1000 reams of paper, mostly printed; besides a considerable quantity of stationary and pamphlets.—Capt. Ranlet's house took fire in several places, and was preserved from sharing the fate of his son's, by a plentiful fall of moist snow, that had taken place the evening preceding, with balls of which the flames

were extinguished as soon as they caught the clapboards. Had Providence permitted the fire to break out in a dry and windy season, a considerable part of the town must have been consumed.

TREASURY of the UNION.

The Secretary of the Treasury, by his report handed into the House of Representatives of the United States on the 5th instant, states, that from the probable state of cash to April 1, ensuing, there will be a deficiency of 621,294 dollars 18 cents—the demands amounting to 1,360,812 dollars 7 cents, which surpasses the sum in the Treasury to the amount of the deficiency above mentioned. The Secretary intimates, that the sums to be received in the 2d quarter, will be still more inadequate, as one million of florins, of the instalment of the capital of the Holland debt, will be expected in Holland by June.

Of the PRESENT STATE of EUROPE and the CONFEDERACY.

The Confederacy is not of that kind that forms itself originally by concert and consent. It has been forced together by chance. An heterogeneous mass, held only by the accident of the moment, and the instant that accident ceases to operate, the parties will retire to their former rivalships.

The world has been long amused with what is called the "balance of power." But it is not upon armies only that this balance depends. Armies have but a small circle of action. Their progress is slow and limited. But when we take maritime power into the calculation, the scale extends universally. It comprehends all the interests connected with commerce.

The two great maritime powers are England and France; destroy either of these, and the balance of naval power is destroyed. The whole world of commerce that passes on the ocean would then lie at the mercy of the other; and the ports of any nation in Europe might be blocked up. Each of the two powers occupies one entire side of the channel, from the straits of Dover and Calais to the opening into the Atlantic. The commerce of all the northern nations from Holland to Russia, must pass the straits of Dover and Calais and along the channel, to arrive at the Atlantic.

This being the case, the systematical politics of all the nations, northward of the

the straits of Dover and Calais, can be ascertained from their geographical situation; for it is necessary to the safety of their commerce, that the two sides of the channel, either in whole or in part, should not be in the possession either of England or of France.

While one nation possesses the whole of one side, and the other nation the other side, the northern nations cannot help seeing, that in any situation of things, their commerce will always find protection on one side or the other. It may sometimes be that of England and sometimes that of France.

Applying these cases to the project of a partition of France, it will appear, that the project involves with it a destruction of the balance of maritime power; because it is only by keeping France entire and indivisible that the balance can be kept up. This is a case that at first sight lies remote and almost hidden.

But it interests all the maritime and commercial nations of Europe, in as great a degree as any case that has ever come before them. In short, it is with war as it is with law. In law, the first merits of the case become lost in the multiplicity of arguments, and in war, they become lost in the variety of events. New objects arise, that take the lead of all that went before, and every thing assumes a new aspect. This was the case in the last great confederacy, in what is called the succession war, and most probably will be the case in the present.

It is said there were three English gentlemen on board some of the American vessels captured by the Algerines, and having no passports from the British Consul, they are considered as slaves, and must remain so until they are redeemed; one of them is Mr. M. Namara.

All the Captains of the Algerine Cruizers have been dismissed and punished for returning into port, contrary to their orders, having been fitted out for six months, and others are appointed in their room; so that their next cruise will not be a short one. We have certain accounts of all the cruizers being ready for sea, the 10th instant, and resolved to push for the westward again with all possible speed.

A Baltimore paper contains a report, that the Cork fleet of 70 sail, destined for the W. Indies, is captured by some French ships, sent from Brest for that purpose.

E P I T A P H.

February 13, 1794,

Aged 73,

After a *fore* conflict of *many* years,
deeply depress'd;

In the arms of his *affectionate* offspring,
and other *condoling* friends,
fell asleep

The Hon. EBENEZER THAYER;

some time of the *council* board;

And for *many* years a representative
of the *ancient* town of

BRAINTREE.

His personal aspect was pleasing
to the eye;

While a *condescending* affability touched,
the heart;

And gain'd the esteem of a *numerous*
acquaintance.

Gentle, and *graceful*, were his manners,
his *affection* tender,
and *flowing*.

Naturally hospitable, and generous,
many tasted the fruits of his
bounty.

Friendly to religion, and virtue,
he contributed to their support
with *cheerfulness*.

And, while health remained, the house of
God,

sacred to worship,

Witnessed his presence, with such as kept,
holy day;

Example, *honourable* in all, to
imitate.

He liv'd to *see*, and *lament*, the vanity of
worldly parade;

And the *encreasing* dissipation of the
present age.

He now sleeps, *where the weary are*
at rest;

Waiting the *final* summons of the
last trump;

When the breath of God shall reanimate
his *humble* dust!

Hush then, the *filial* *flowing* tear;
nor call him back;

Again the *galling* shafts of envy
to sustain;

Or drink anew, the *bitter* cups
of time;

Or over human woe, to shed
more tears!

ADIEU! *thou friendly* sleeping *soads*,
ADIEU!

INSCRIBED TO THE MOURNING FAMILY,
By a FRIEND.

ORDINATIONS.

ORDINATIONS.

On the 5th inst. was ordained to the pastoral care of the New South Church and Congregation in this town, the Rev. John T. Kirkland.

On the 23d inst. was ordained to the care of the Christian Congregational Church, at Brunswick, the Rev. Ebenezer Coffin.

MARRIAGES.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Boston*, Mr. George Thomas to Miss Sally Thompson; Mr. Seth Adams to Miss Elizabeth Apthorp; Mr. Thomas Bartlett to Mrs. Alice Wyer; Mr. Silas Whitney to Miss Polly M'Clurry; Mr. Elijah Levett to Miss Elizabeth Barry; Capt. Robert Gray to Miss Martha Atkins; Rufus G. Amory, Esq. to Miss Nancy Geyer; Mr. Samuel Sumner to Miss Martha Barrett.

Barre.—Capt. William Caldwell to Miss Polly Black.

Bridgewater.—Major Jeremiah Conant of Pomfret, Vermont, to Miss Chloe Pratt.

Cumberland.—Mr. John Dexter to Miss Lucy Dexter; Mr. Moses Stone to Miss Ruth Porter.

Charlestown.—Nathaniel Gorham, jun. Esq. to Miss Ruth Wood.

Framingham.—Capt. Thomas Buckminster to Miss Keziah Bacon.

Gorham.—Mr. Lathrop Lewis to Miss Tabitha Longfellow.

Lancaster.—Mr. Joseph Whales to Miss Eliza Willard.

Newburyport.—Mr. William Chace to Miss Sally Couch; Mr. Joshua Pilbury, jun. to Miss Betsey Couch.

Strewsbury.—Mr. Oliver Munroe to Miss Lydia Flint; Mr. Martin Newton to Mrs. Lucretia Harrington; Mr. Asa Mixer to Widow Ruth Murray.

Westport.—Mr. Luthan Trip to Miss Lydia Kirby; Mr. Cornelius White to Miss Sally Alfny.

Yarmouth.—Reverend Mr. Stone to Miss Hannah Clap, of Scituate.

NEW YORK.—Mr. Robert H. Towt to Miss Ann Waldron.

Long Island.—Mr. Daniel Kingsland to Miss Maria Syll; Mr. Harmyn Durgea of Jamaica, to Miss Sally Ann Angerine.

VERMONT.—*Windfor*, Mr. Abner Forbes to Miss Dilly Brown; Mr. Jacob Choate to Miss Hannah Cook; Mr. Crafts Wright to Miss Sally Jewett.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—*Hampstead Place*, Mr. Benjamin C. Cutler of Boston, to Mrs. S. Wync.

DEATHS.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Boston*, Mr. Robert Rand, 74; Mrs. Mary Green; Miss Mary Hall, 68; Mr. Ebenezer Ridgway, jun. 25; Mrs. Mary Peirce, 78; Mrs. Hannah West; Mrs. Mary Goodale, 57; Mrs. Sarah Edmunds, 49; Mrs. Elizabeth Goldthwait, 80; Dr. James Pecker, 70; Rev. Mr. Reitz, a native of Germany; Mrs. Elizabeth Wimple.

Attleborough.—Mr. Pentecost Plackington, 78.

Bradford.—Mr. David Hall, 81.

Bridgewater.—Mrs. Jane Cowen, 65; Mrs. Martha Washburn, 95.

Brookfield.—Mrs. Rebecca Hinkley, 24; Mr. Timothy Green, 85.

Charlestown.—Mr. Richard Devens, 3d, 20; Mr. James Prentiss, 20.

Danvers.—Mr. Joshua Osburn, 28.

Eastgreenwich.—Mr. Daniel Fry.

Gerry.—Mr. Ichabod Town, 64.

Gorham.—Mr. Nathaniel Stevens.

Grenville.—Widow Abigail Rose, the number of whose descendants was 612.

Ipwich.—Mr. John Appleton, 87; Mr. Thomas Burnham, 92; Miss Hannah Boardman, 84; Mrs. Martha Perkins, 76;

Worcester.—Mrs. Lydia Ball, 83; Mrs. Knights.

Leicester.—Hon. Seth Washburn, Esq. 71; Mrs. Esther Hearby, 22.

Milford.—Mrs. Jane Scammell, 84.

Mendon.—Ensign Seth Taft, 65.

Northa's Vineyard.—Mrs. Mary Jernigan, 62.

Newburyport.—Mrs. Ann Hoyt, 96; Mr. Adam Ellison; Miss Hale; Mr. Sewall Short; Mr. Daniel Dodge, jun. Mr. William Pike; Capt. Samuel Chace; Capt. Tufts; Mrs. Mary Wheeler; Mrs. Lydia Davis; Miss Sarah Stickney; Mrs. Elizabeth Gose.

Paxton.—Capt. Samuel Brown.

Passamaquaddy.—Mr. John Brewer, 59.

Pembroke.—John Turner, Esq. 82.

Plymouth.—Mr. Samuel Lanman, 73; Col. Thomas Lathrop, 54.

Pomfret.—Dr. Albigeance Waldo.

Roxbury.—Mr. John Williams, 15; Widow Susanna Brewer, 71.

Salem.—Widow Elizabeth Murray, 70.

Watertown.—Mr. John Cook, 70.

FOREIGN.

WEST INDIES.—Mrs. Abigail Prescott, 19.

HOLLAND.—*Rotterdam*, Mr. Hollis Taylor, of Newfane, Vermont.

CALCUTTA.—Capt. Jacob Sarley, of N. York.